THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 20. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1894. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE

Ice cream, wholesale and retail at Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

Dr. T. B. McIndoe made a trip to Chicago last Friday.

Creamery butter at Langdon's, only 19 cents per pound. •

Mrs. C. Eby left Tuesday for a visit to relatives in Waushara county.

Miss Mary Herron left Tuesday for Washburn where she will remain for some time.

Everything and anything in the lumber line can be secured at Wixson & Bronson's. tf

Henry Tourish was at Ashland Monday on a business trip and visiting some friends.

Geo. Joseph repairs guns and bicycles at Cory & Mack's store opposite City hotel. J14tf

A call for the Congressional convention to be held August 15, at Merrill, is published in another column.

H. W. Fowler is now prepared to clean and repair bicycles and sharpen lawn mowers at Clark & Lennon's. m17-tf

The Young Ladies Auxiliary of St. Augustine's church will meet with Miss Bessie Gwerdy, Monday, July 2.

If you want the best flour in the market go to Langdon's and get a sack of the Duluth Imperial patent.

F. D Verran has a new advertisement this week which buyers of house furnishing goods should read and heed.

Wixson & Bronson would be pleased to receive your orders for lumber of any kind, lath, shingles, pickets and mouldings. tf

A number of Rhinelander people will go to Oshkosh on the 4th to see the circuit races which begin on the 2nd of July.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co. •

James B. Estee, state manager of the National Life Insurance Company, is the guest of James Harrigan here this week. They are out after fish.

No griping, no nausea, no pain, when DeWitt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

Episcopal services were held in the G. A. R. hall last Sunday, both afternoon and evening. Rev. Mr. Burch, of Antigo, came up to conduct them.

For first-class work in painting, decorating, paper-hanging and kalsomining see Schnell, the painter. Geo. Jenkinson & Son's Hardware store. tf

Amee Freere, employed at Fall's mill, lost the middle finger of his right hand Monday by getting it caught in the line rollers. It was crushed to a jelly.

Some good races will be had at the Jumbo park on the Fourth. All the steppers of the town are being fitted for it and some of them are going to prove surprises.

The Rhinelander Iron Company have five single and double team wagons which will be sold cheap for cash. They can be seen by calling at the works near Soo depot. tf

Ezra Kendall and his Pair of Kids drew an audience of fair size at the Grand Opera House Friday evening. Kendall is the same as ever. He is a good comedian and pleases the audience always. His company are not as good as he by quite a majority but the show is a pleasing and laughable one. The company return for the Fourth of July when they will play a matinee and night performance in the Grand.

Emory Fuller returned from his trip to Illinois Sunday. His horse, Tally-Ho, which has been in training at Joliet, will not be started in a race for a while yet, as he has not had sufficient work. The weather has been bad and has put him back considerably. Emory also has a string of running horses, which have been shipped to St. Paul and will go in the Twin City Derby meet there this week.

M. Langdon is prepared to sell you groceries of all kinds at the lowest possible price for cash. His stock is fresh and all first-class. He pays cash for his goods, and gives his customers the benefit of the discounts obtained by so doing. A call at his store will convince you that you can save money by buying your groceries at Langdon's. •

The city council meets on Tuesday evening.

Geo. Dunn is home from his studies at Milwaukee.

Frank Timlin is visiting relatives in Kilbourn City, Wis.

Langdon sells Q. P. Soap, the best family soap in the land. •

Giles Coon spent Sunday at Tomahawk lake after fish.

Best dairy butter 15 cents per pound by the tub, at Langdon's. •

Mrs. C. H. Ogden of Minocqua, visited friends in the city Tuesday.

The Oneida Band held a picnic at Lake Julia Sunday. Quite a crowd was out.

LOST—Dog collar, with tag on No. 116. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward. 1w

Mrs. E. S. Shepard and children returned from an extended visit to New London last week.

C. S. Pierce was in the city Saturday on business connected with the land department of the Northwestern road.

Wixson & Bronson are prepared to sell lumber at retail to parties in the city and will deliver the same to any part of the city. Try them. tf

Dan Fitzpatrick has christened John Curran's new sailing sloop on Lake Julia the "Julia Curran." A number of trips were made Sunday.

Tom Reilly of Three Lakes, had his right thumb amputated Monday by Dr. Hinman. It was injured slightly some time ago and blood poison set in.

Eagle River defeated Antigo Sunday at the former city at base ball by a score of 10 to 3. Dr. Chas. McIndoe of this city, played first base for the winning team.

FOR RENT.—Second floor office rooms and living rooms for families on Brown street. Inquire of Brown Bros. Lumber Co. or at Merchants State Bank. tf

A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That is why we recommend DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure constipation, indigestion and billiousness. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

Professor J. M. Bailey has rented the Snyder house, near the electric light plant, and will move his family here from Marinette to remain permanently. He and Mrs. Bailey will teach both vocal and instrumental music.

"There is a salve for every wound." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

F. W. Gunther has sold his patent roller loading appliance to Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., of Chicago. He could not give the necessary time to the manufacture and sale of them and so disposed of it outright, although he was making money with it.

Roy Reed of Ripon, was the winner of two events at the second annual meet of the Wisconsin Valley Cycling club at Wausau. He won the mile open in 3:08; prize, a diamond stud, and the half mile open in 1:18; prize, a gold watch. Waupaca cyclers won six of the twelve events.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for piles. •

H. W. Wright of Merrill was in the city Friday. Mr. Wright is one of our sister city's leading pushers and a gentleman who would be a credit and help to any place. There is no more popular man in the valley of the old Wisconsin and his Rhinelander friends are always pleased to have him pay them a visit.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freeman House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of bruise or sprain. The same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by the Palace Drug Co.

Willis Jewell was at Antigo Monday on a business trip.

Don't forget the Kermiss at the Grand Opera house Tuesday night.

Cash Smith was at Antigo Monday looking after some business matters.

English currant loaves a specialty on Saturday at the Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

A. W. Brown took the train for a trip down the Northwestern line on business.

An ice cream room is now open for patronage at the Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

G. H. and Perry Clark left Sunday night for a visit to relatives at Neillsville.

The two James boys—wards of Judge S. H. Alban, are visiting him here for a time.

Editor Carpenter, of the Eagle River Democrat was in the city on business Tuesday.

Grocery fixtures, scales, coffee mills etc., also delivery wagon for sale. Enquire of Irvin Gray. •

August Bernd moves next week into the building one door south of his present location.

W. E. Brown and wife returned from their visit to the southern part of the state Tuesday.

Prof. E. L. Bailey is at Eagle River this week organizing a class for vocal and instrumental musical instruction.

A good big roomy house, in a good location for taking boarders can be bought on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office. tf.

John Reardon and Dr. F. Hinman were out fishing Sunday in a newly discovered lake. Before they got back they thought that a new lake had been opened right above them.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

Mark Barnum of Wausau, tells the Rickland Center people that he will take a year in jail or pay a fine of $200.00, if they will assist in securing a pardon for Rose Zoldoski, whom he insists is innocent.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and your headache disappears. The favorite little pill everywhere. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

D. J. Coyle has been dangerously sick at his home for three weeks past. He was first taken with inflammatory rheumatism and then a bad run of typhoid fever took him. We are glad to know that he is now improving.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co. •

John Hess purchased the half interest of Ed. Berry in the Jumbo park track this week for $3,000. Some day that farm will be worth a good deal of money. The land is as good as any anywhere, and Hess and Berry have done a great deal of work on it.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business in Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhœa remedy that he warrents every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by the Palace Drug Co.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhœa, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and had always been sickley. I gave the usual treatment in such cases, but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale at the Palace Drug Store, Rhinelander, Wis.

Chief of Police Anderson of Merrill, was in the city Tuesday.

Look for bargains in dry goods at Gray's Saturday. •

Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Conro visited relatives at Oshkosh last week.

Summer jackets and capes at one-half price at Grays. •

Attorney Sam Miller was at Milwaukee on business this week.

John McCormick, Jr., of Antigo, was in our city a few days this week.

Miss Maud Keeble, of Chicago, is visiting relatives in this city this week.

Henry O'Connor entertained a sister, Mrs. T. Donnelly, of Chicago, this week.

Mrs. Harry Wieger and children have gone to Michigan for a visit to relatives.

A pleasant lawn social and supper was given on the lawn of S. H. Alban's home last evening.

Mrs. Ed. Rogers and daughter left Tuesday for Merrill for a three week's visit with friends and relatives.

Geo. Clayton and Chris. Eby were at Tomahawk Lake yesterday fishing. They brought back a nice string of fish.

Have you tried a milk shake shaken by the new clerk, by the new patent shaker at the Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

The Ladies Aid Society of the Swedish Lutheran church, met at the home of Mrs. Rayford this afternoon.

Buy dry goods at Gray's and get a ticket for admission to "A Pair of Kids" which plays at the Opera House, July 4. •

The ice cream and strawberry sociable at C. F. Gustafson's last Thursday evening was well attended, and all report a pleasant time.

Ira Coon, of Wautoma, brother of Giles and Fred, is a candidate for State Senator in his district. Of course he is a Republican.

W. H. Brown has been dangerously sick with an attack of pneumonia. Tuesday night a slight improvement was noted in his condition, and he has been getting better slowly since. It is thought that he will recover, but it will be slow.

Those desiring privileges for selling lemonade, cigars, etc., at Jumbo Park on the 4th should apply to F. E. Parker, who has the management of that part of the day's program.

Small in size, great in results: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation, best for sick headache, best for sour stomach. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

Rev. C. A. Rosander will deliver an oration at the Sunday School picnic of his church, July 4th. The picnic will be held on the island opposite the Buttrick planing mill. All friends are invited.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises skin affections and piles. J. J. Reardon & Co. •

Four children were baptized in the Swedish Lutheran church Sunday morning. The happy parents are: Mr. and Mrs. H. Rayford, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dahlberg, Mr. and Mrs. Strom and Mr. and Mrs. Swedberg.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co. •

The Kleth Gold Cure Company is doing a great business this summer. They have nearly two hundred institute running in various parts of the country and there are hundreds of doctors who are using their remedies.

LOST—A red cow with bell on, somewhere on the Woodboro road about two miles from town. Finder will be rewarded by notifying Hans Hansen, Box 281, Rhinelander, Wis. J23wp

Will Ashton and son went out to Lake George Sunday morning for a days fish. They came home down the Pelican river, thinking it was a ride of a few hours. Will had but one paddle and after battering up both sides of the stream in "canoeing" his boat along, they reached home at half past one Monday morning. No more trips will be made by Will unless he carries a pair of oars and a man to handle them.

E. C. Vessey made a business trip to Barron last week.

F. N. Shafer of Merrill, visited his son Mark here over Sunday.

Rev. H. A. Brizzell and wife are visiting friends at Wausau.

Mrs. C. S. Pierce, of Milwaukee, is a guest of Mrs. Paul Browne.

Emory Fuller goes to St. Paul tomorrow to attend the Derby meeting.

A Pair of Kids is a good show and to see it all that is necessary is to buy some dry goods at Irvin Gray's and get a free ticket

The C. & N. W. railway officials claim that they will build a new depot for this city before the season ends. They ought to.

Mrs. E. M. Kemp returned from her visit to Wabash last week. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Amos, who will remain here a few weeks.

A convention of the people's party followers was held in the Grand opera house Friday evening last to elect five delegates to the state convention. Those chosen were W. P. Goodell, P. W. Schurb, G. W. Beers, John Clonston and Casper Faust. Geo. Beers is the Oneida county people's party chairman and P. W. Schurb secretary.

A. Christafferson was at Red Wing Minn., on a business trip last week.

N. T. Baldwin and Miss Nellie Clarke were married at Wautoma last Wednesday. They returned to this city last evening. Both are well and favorably known here and the New North joins their many friends in wishing them an unqualified amount of happiness and prosperity.

It now looks as if the day is not far distant when the Herald can tell its readers of the huge pumpkin left at the office by Farmer Blank, or of the odd-shaped egg laid by a hen owned by Mr. So-and-So, one of Oneida county's most successful farmers.—Herald.

Why not notice them in the good old way of "ye local" in a farming community. For instance: "Widow Cackle laid an egg on our table Monday which measured thirteen inches around. Mrs. Cackle is making a success of farming, notwithstanding the unfortunate loss of her husband a year ago." Or for instance: "Farmer Meadowgrass, who bought the old gravel tavern place, stepped into our sanctum yesterday with an oddity in the line of corn. One of his ears was at least a foot long and filled with a beautiful tassel. Mr. Meadowgrass is a fine man, and while in our sanctum planked down a dollar for which he will receive the "Yelper" regularly during the coming year and keep posted on all that is going on in our community. It is such wholesouled, fine-looking men as him that makes ye editor happy."

Lake Julia Excursions.

On Sunday next, June 31st,
If no rain cloud should chance to burst,
The sailing schooner "Julia Curran"
Will take you where the sun won't burn.
The ride will cost but small expense
The captain charges but ten cents.
Stops will be made along the lake
Where parties can devour their cake
And lemonade, but never beer,
As heads of guests must be kept clear.
I know my "fix" and my advice
I try it, you'll find it nice.
I've seen enough of it to know
And what I tell you must be so,
So far as sailing is concerned,
For sailing is the trade I've learned.
Come out next Sunday, do not fail.
(There is no chance to get in jail.
And no necessity for bail,)
And you can live on fish and quail.

—THE UNCHAINED POET.

Capt. Dan Fitzpatrick will take pleasure parties at a reasonable fare and will make the trip a pleasant one. Stops will be made anywhere along the route. Also small boats for fishing. No mosquitoes are there, they have made arrangements to go elsewhere and settle their bills on this occasion.

UNCLE DAN FITZPATRICK.

An Open Air Concert.

The Rhinelander Comet Band will give an open air concert on the street Monday evening. They have been practicing steadily for some time and are playing better than ever before. They have a great deal of new music and the people will be glad of their decision to give us a chance to hear it. By the way, why not build a band stand suitable for such occasions and have these concerts often.

Fourth of July Rates.

On July 3rd and 4th, 1894, the North-Western Line will sell round trip tickets to stations within 200 miles at very low rates, good returning until July 5th, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. 1w

The Fourth of July Races.

There will be plenty of sport here the Fourth for all who admire good horse racing. Below we give the program of sports, and we do not believe there is anyone in town who would not be entertained by some part of it. The program is a long one and will begin promptly at 1:30 in order to complete it before dark. The horse racing is bound to prove exciting. The flyers are evenly matched and the races will be in earnest. Aside from the program printed below there is likely to be some attractions of note which will have to be advertised later. One thing is sure the day will be a good one at the track.

PROGRAMME.

Three minute race, mile heats, 2 in 3. Purse $50: 1st $25, 2d $15, 3d $10.

2:40 race, mile heats, 2 in 3. Purse $35. 1st $10, 2d $25, 3d $10.

Colt race, ½ mile heats, 2 in 3. Purse $10: 1st $20, 2d $12, 3d $8.

Exhibition ½ mile by Willard M.

Match race between McIndoe's Dan and Jumbo's Willard M. $50 a side.

½ mile running race, 2 in 3. Purse $20: 1st $10, 2d $6, 3d $4.

Dog race to carts, ½ mile dash. Purse $5: 1st $2.50, 2d $1.50, $1.

100 yard foot race, 2 in 3. Purse $6: 1st $4, 2d $2

Bicycle race, ½ mile dash. Purse valued at $8: 1st $5, 2d $3.

Ladies bicycle race, ½ mile dash. Purse valued at $8: 1st $5, 2d $3.

Bicycle race ¼ mile dash. Purse $3: 1st $2, 2d $1.

Moose exhibited driven to sulky ¼ mile.

W. E. Brown, starter.

Judges: B. R. Lewis, Ed. Rogers, Will Stevens.

Committee on trotting race: E. J. Berry, Ed. Rogers, Will Stevens.

Committee on ½ mile running race: Ed. Brazell.

Committee on foot and dog races: W. M. Langley.

Committee on bicycle races: B. R. Lewis.

Committee on printing and privileges: Frank Parker.

No Celebration This Year.

When the NEW NORTH went to press last Thursday it looked very much as if Rhinelander would have a rousing time on the Fourth, but since that day things have changed. The finance committee had no difficulty in securing a liberal contribution from most of the business men but the saloon men would give nothing toward the thing and apparently thought that the business men intended to celebrate anyway and that they would make a good thing from the day without giving. Some of them said that they preferred not to have any celebration. The fact that the saloon interest wanted no observance on the Fourth cut no figure with citizens other than that they disliked to see any interest which was to be benefitted more than others, refuse absolutely to help out, but the committee on exercises found difficulty in getting any speaker of note, owing to the lateness of the day. Hon. J. V. Quarles of Milwaukee, Ex-Congressman La-Follette of Madison, and other noted men were sought, but none could be secured. There was a meeting held Monday evening at which many expressed themselves as desirous of having a celebration in any event and do the best possible under the circumstances, but it was finally agreed to drop the matter entirely this year and wait until another season, when proper and timely preparation could be made. The day will not be a dull one here by any means if we do not formally celebrate. There will be a number of picnic parties at the numerous lakes, a good lot of horse racing at Jumbo Park and plenty of enthusiasm for the little fellows in fire crackers and red lemonade during the day.

A Novel Entertainment.

The Episcopal ladies have arranged to give a Kermiss at the Grand Opera house Tuesday evening. The entertainment will be given under the direction of Mrs. Weller, of New York, who has had long experience in the work. A Kermiss is certainly a novel entertainment. Over 100 will be seen on the stage many of them little children, and the performance consists of National drills and dances, marches, etc. The costumes will be elaborate and handsome, and the Spanish, German, Irish, Gypsy, Sailor and Japanese dances will be attractive features. An admission fee of fifty cents will be charged. Seats are now on sale at Squier's jewelry store.

MR. PETERS WAXETH PATRIOTIC.

HERE ain't much patriotism left in these here modern days. Leastwise it doesn't show itself with all its old-time blaze.

There's twice as many people now as when I was a lad,
'Nd not a half as many flags a-floatin' as we had;
'Nd on the streets there's no parades one-tenth as fine as we,
When we was boys, was wont to come down here to town to see.

Why, in them days July the third was hardly more than done
Before the boys was out o' bed to fire the signal-gun;
'Nd all the time that passed from that until the day was o'er
You'd talk and couldn't hear yourself; the boomin' and the roar
O' cannons stuffed with powder till you'd think the things would bust
Was sick it even roared the rain to come and lay the dust.

Upon the village green the boys would gather just at noon;
The village band would wrastle with some patriotic tune;
'Nd then the declaration by the men that made us free
The justice of the peace would read straight through from A to Z;
And then some clever man that could use language just a bit,
He'd take the stand and tell us all the good that came of it.

When this was done, the minister would read some piece of verse,
And then invoke a blessin' and request us to disperse.
Them exercises over, we would have a barbecue—
The gals all dressed in Sunday best, and all the fellers too;
'Nd when the night came over all, we'd set off colored lights
'Nd wheels 'nd bombs in honor of the men as gave us rights.

But now the Fourth it ain't the same as 'twas in days of yore.
The boys all say they've heard the declaration "read before."
They do not care for lofty speech—"high-sounding phrases"—and
They git more chills from cooling drinks than from the village band;
'Nd in the cities boys with squibs is guilty of a sin
That warrants cops from over-seas in runnin' of 'em in.

"Spread-eagle gab" is what they call the talk of olden times.
'Nd patriotic poetry is only "fudge and rhymes."
I'm sorry for to see it so. It sort o' makes me fear
There's much more Tory blood about than we have need for here;
But, after all, I'm satisfied if these folks git too fly,
They'll find the true American to-day is pretty spry.

There never was a time in all our country's history,
As I have read it, and I've read it mighty thoroughly,
When one good healthy straight-out man—the sort as loves his land—
Wasn't able sittin' down to lick ten tories with one hand.
And even if there ain't much show in patriotic ways,
I'll bet this country's bound to last forever and some days.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

Frank Eberhard's Story.

[Original.]

WE HAD just eaten supper at Frank Eberhard's ranch on the Rio Bonito, in New Mexico, and were seated on the veranda which ran in front of the low adobe ranch house, enjoying a smoke and a chat. At the table I had been greatly impressed with the rare beauty and modest demeanor of Eberhard's young Mexican wife. It seemed strange that she, yet but little more than a child, and of a race regarded by western people as inferior in the social scale to the whiter-skinned Americanos, should be the mistress of the greatest ranch and the wife of the most wealthy cattle king in all that region. She had not taken a prominent part in our conversation at the table, her knowledge of the English language being somewhat limited, yet when she did venture a remark or respond to an inquiry I could not but note the soft music of her voice, and when at some witty remark she joined in our laughter the room seemed filled with ripples of silvery sound.

As Eberhard and myself sat on the veranda enjoying our cigars and the delightful coolness which always follows as a sort of an apology for the heat of a New Mexican summer day, I said to him:

"I was not aware until this evening, Frank, that you had married a Mexican girl. Could you not find one of your own race good enough for you?"

He smiled good-naturedly, and, knocking the ashes from his cigar, replied:

"Plenty of them, no doubt, but I never felt in a marrying mood until I fell captive to Marita's dark eyes. There is a bit of romance connected with our marriage, and I don't mind telling you the story if you care to listen.

"You are no doubt aware of the fact that by my father's death in Denver, a few years ago, I inherited a very comfortable fortune. I tried to fill his place in the business world for a time, but somehow I always seemed out of my element in busy city life, and the desire grew upon me to secure a great ranch and establish myself in a more quiet life.

"Nearly three years ago I severed the last business bond, and started out to seek for such a ranch as my day dreams had pictured. I locked all over Arizona and northern Texas, and finally drifted up to Las Cruces, on the Rio Grande. I reached that town on the third day of July, and found the people in a flutter of excitement over the celebration of the following day. There were to be races and other sports so dear to the western heart, and men of gambling disposition were backing their favorites with a reckless liberality characteristic of the far west.

"I soon learned that the greater interest centered in a foot race which was to take place between three young girls, an American, a Mexican and an Indian who had won several such contests in the towns further north and who had been brought down to enter the contest by sporting members of her tribe. The American girl was the daughter of a bullying fellow named Matt Parker, who ran a saloon and whose reputation was not exactly that of a saint. I was told by a merchant friend, a gentleman with whom my house had long sustained the most agreeable business relations, that during our civil war Parker was one of Quantrell's band of cut-throat guerrillas, took a prominent part in the sacking of Lawrence, Kan., and often boasted of his deeds of murder while a member of that organization. Unlike the very large majority of regularly enlisted confederate soldiers who accepted defeat, and who are now on terms of brotherly friendship with their late foes and are unswerving in their devotion to the grand old flag of our fathers, he was yet an uncompromising rebel and would use the stars and stripes as a dishcloth rather than allow them to float over his house. After the war he engaged in the horse and cattle stealing business, smuggled whisky onto the Indian reservation, and rumor linked his name with a daring stage robbery down in Texas in the early 70's. He held no regard for the Fourth of July as a patriotic holiday, and took part in arranging the festivities of the day only for what he could make out of them by staking money on the various races. The foot race between the girls was an idea originated by himself, for he believed that the bluffers and thugs who hung about his place, drank his *aguardiente* and bowed to his will in everything, could by some skulduggery retard the progress of the other two contestants and allow his girl to win the race, and himself to win the heavy stakes which would be placed upon the result of the contest.

"I learned, too, that there were grave suspicions that the Indian girl and her people had been 'fixed' with cash, and that she would purposely drop behind, leaving but the Mexican and American girls as the real contestants. The backers of the Mexican girl were mostly from among her own people, though a few Americans had backed their belief that she would win with pretty heavy stakes. However, the friends of the Montezuman fairy were largely in the minority, and greatly feared there would be foul play which they would be unable to prevent.

"I went to the grounds the following afternoon with no intention to take any part in the festivities except as an onlooker. The track was a straight one, half a mile long, just outside the town, and when I reached it I found a great crowd assembled there, Mexicans, cowboys, Indians and the entire American population of the town, at that time small. Matt Parker was there, flourishing a roll of greenbacks and loudly soliciting bets on the horse races, but more particularly challenging anyone to post money against his girl in the foot race.

"Noting a crowd collecting near by where I stood I stepped forward through curiosity to see what was attracting it and learned that the Mexican girl was there with her friends, who seemed to be expostulating with her. When I had elbowed my way through the motley crowd near to her, I could not but stare in amazement. I had expected to see a rough-looking, dark-skinned, illy clad girl such as we so often see in the Mexican towns, but instead I found her a rarely beautiful young creature with large tender eyes, and evidently of a very timid disposition. There were tears in her pretty eyes, and her voice trembled as she replied to the half angry words of those about her.

"A great big fine-looking cowboy stood near me, (there he is now out by the branding chute, God bless him—Big Tom, my foreman, and he will be my foreman as long as I run a ranch), and turning to him I asked the trouble. He understood the Mexican tongue, and with a somewhat dangerous light in his eyes he replied:

"'Some o' Matt Parker's sneakin' dogs have been a threatenin' the gal, an' have got her so skeered up she's afraid to run. There's crooked work a-goin' on here, an' if I wasn't afraid it 'd bring on a row an' that somebody that didn't desarve it 'd git hurt I'd pull my gun an' claim fair play if I got downed for it.'

"The horse and donkey races were soon over, and Parker's winnings were so small that he was in a decidedly bad humor. The girls were then called to the scratch for the foot race. By this time I had become deeply interested in the contest, and I want to to say right here, Jack, that it has always been my nature to take the part of the under dog in the fight, no matter what odds may be against it. I felt my whole soul go out in sympathy to that frightened little Mexican jewel, and when I heard Parker and his followers decrying her sprinting merits and doing all they could to create a feeling against her and so embarrass her that she could not run as she would under more favorable circumstances, I felt the Old Nick spirit that's in me struggling to the surface.

SHE STUMBLED AND FELL ON HER HANDS AND KNEES.

"The girls came onto the track, the Parker girl an ill-looking, ungainly creature, brazen and defiant, the Mexican timid and casting appealing glances into the faces of the great crowd, and the Indian maiden quite unconcerned and seemingly without interest in the contest. The Parker girl was dressed in a skirt of flaming red, scarcely reaching her knees, and beneath it wore white stockings and a pair of gaudily ornamented dancing slippers. Marita, the Mexican, was clad in plain gray of neat and modest cut, and was barefooted. The Indian girl, after she had thrown off her blanket, wore but little more than the look of unconcern which I have described. The distance to be run was two hundred yards, and there were to be three heats should two not be won by one contestant, the party distanced in the first heat to drop out and leave the other two to finish the race.

"At the usual western signal, the crack of a pistol, they were off, and for quite a distance it was 'neck and neck,' and then Marita took the lead. The Indian girl, as I could now see, by a preconcerted arrangement was several yards in the rear. On they came, Marita with a half-scared look of triumph on her face; the Parker girl wearing an ugly frown and straining every muscle to overtake her. When but a few yards from the outcome a heavy cowboy sombrero sailed out of the crowd, and Marita's feet struck against it. She stumbled, fell on her hands and knees, and although she had but a moment later regained her feet the Parker girl had passed her and won the heat.

"The Parker crowd yelled themselves hoarse and old Matt caught his girl and hugged her to his breast. A hideous toad hugging a no less hideous snake. I can think of no better simile. The cry of fraud was raised by the backers of the Mexican girl, but the cowboy swore that his hat had blown off by accident, and the bullying majority ruled that it was a square heat. I walked down to where Marita was standing, and such a change I never saw. Her Spanish blood was thoroughly aroused, her great lustrous eyes flashed defiance at the crowd, and, as the big cowboy who had remained near me informed me, she had seen the man purposely throw the hat and was denouncing such rascality, and was offering to give the American girl ten feet the start in the coming heats if assured of fair play.

"I could control myself no longer. Calling loudly for attention I attracted the crowd around me, and in my indignation said:

"'Men, I am ashamed of you! You claim to be American citizens who love fair play; you are celebrating the proudest day in American history, yet you lend encouragement to an act which should cause any honest man to blush with shame!'

"'Who are you?' a dozen voices yelled.

"'I am an American, and I assure you I have nothing but disgust for those in this crowd who are disgracing that name. I came among you seeking a home, came with a desire to help build up your business interests, but I'd rather locate in a nest of rattlesnakes than among men who would plot against a young, defenseless girl. Now, I am worth half a million dollars, your merchants here will tell you that my checks are good for any amount, and I will bet any man in this crowd five thousand to one hundred dollars that the Mexican girl will win the next two heats, for I am going to see fair play, and I believe there are enough honest Americans and natives here to back me in doing so.'

"'You-bet-your-life-thar'-is!' big Tom yelled. 'The curs that's a backin' ol' Matt Parker are cowards, an' every square cowboy in the crowd will stay with you, stranger. Won't you, boys?'

"Tom seemed to be a great favorite, for at his words a ringing cheer went up and a hundred voices yelled for a square deal. Marita ran to me, and, taking my hand, said in her cute broken English:

"'O, senor, I thank you. You good man. You mucho bueno Americano. Me win. Me win. Bad man Parker he no laugh some more. Mucho gracias, mia amigo.'

"I assured her that she should have fair play, and that if her enemies desired to place any more money on their brazen favorite I would meet every wager.

"'I will back you for all I am worth,' I said to her, 'for I know you can win.'

"It was a wild, foolish assertion, but I was thoroughly aroused, and was determined to down the Parker faction even should I meet with defeat by their rascality and lose heavily. But no one evinced the least desire to accept my challenge. Parker came to where I was standing in a crowd of cowboys who were assuring me that they would stay with me and said angrily:

"'Lookee here, old man, I don't know that you've got any business to interfere with our celebration, seein' you don't belong here. You'd better pull in an' ride a little slower, fur yer a gittin' onto dangerous ground.'

"Big Tom laid a heavy hand on the bully's shoulder, and in a low but determined voice said:

"'He's not headed towards no bog as I kin see, Matt Parker, an' he's a goin' to hold his gait. 'Stead o' pullin' in on the reins, he'll work his spurs an' keep a hittin' the ground in his own way. This are the Fo'th o' July an' we're square American citizens, an' fair play's the fust rule o' patriotism wherever that yonder flag is a flirtin' in the air. The race is goin' on an' it's a goin' on squar', an' I'll hop onto the trail o' the fust sneakin' coyote that interferes with the Mexican gal an' run him down, an' if you or any o' yer pizen whisky suckers happens to git in the way thar's a goin' to be a purification in this community. Eh, boys?'

"A cheer was the reply, and the bully saw that a champion having arisen on the other side his power was gone. He realized that if his girl won the race she must do it fairly, and trembling with rage and with fear that he would lose the money he had wagered he went to his scowling offspring and offered her clothes fit for a princess if she would put forth her very best efforts and win another heat.

"I need not dwell on the result. Marita won the two remaining heats easily, and when she came to me with her beautiful face aglow with smiles of triumph and gratitude, her expressive eyes done some effective work in my susceptible breast.

"The crowd called on me for a speech, nor would it be silenced until I had mounted a goods box rolled to me to be used as a platform. It was no new business for me, Jack, for I was a famous debater at college and had since often taken part in political campaigns, speaking to large audiences. I warmed up after talking a few moments, and before I knew it I was reeling off a patriotic Fourth of July speech that set those people wild. Lord, how they cheered every patriotic utterance. Matt Parker stood out in the edge of the crowd and wore a sneer on his repulsive face as I talked union principles and advocated reverence and love for our glorious old flag. After a time he seemed to become interested, and once he clapped his hands and nodded approval as the crowd cheered some loyal sentiment. I seemed inspired, and eloquence rolled from my lips as I rained heavy blows at those who seemed not yet aware that the war was over, and that the former foemen were now friends and brothers.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarreling, but everyone seemed in the best of humor and determined to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and springing to the floor came forward and grasped my hand and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried: 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' Hail Columby, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."

"And Marita?" I asked.

"O, you know the rest. Same old story. I am yet backing her for all I'm worth."

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD,
"The Poet Scout."

—There are insects which pass several years in preparatory states of existence, and finally, when perfect, live but a few hours.

A LESSON FROM TOLSTOI.

One of the Great Russian Humanitarian's Popular Tales.

In playing children found in a ravine something of the size of a hen's egg, with a little hollow running along the middle of it, and looking like a grain.

This was noticed by a traveler, who bought it from the children for five copecks.

He took it over to the capital and sold it to the czar as a curiosity.

The czar summoned the wise men and gave orders to find out what the thing is—an egg or a grain.

The wise men thought and thought over it and were unable to give an answer.

The object was lying on the window sill, when a hen flew into the room and began to peck at it, and pecked through it a hole that proved to everybody that it was a grain.

The wise men came then to the czar and told him that the thing was a grain of rye.

The czar was astounded and he ordered the wise men to find out where and when this grain was thriving. The wise men thought and thought over it, looked over the books, and could not find any elucidation.

They returned to the czar and said: "We cannot give any answer. In our books we cannot find anything about it. We must ask the mouzhiks (peasants). Perhaps somebody has heard from their forefathers where and when such grain was thriving."

The czar sent for and ordered to be brought before him every old man of the mouzhiks.

An elderly mouzhik was found and brought before the czar.

There came an old mouzhik, shriveled and toothless, stepping in with difficulty on two crutches.

The czar showed him the grain, but the old man is already without sight, and only somehow could he examine it by the touch of his fingers.

The czar questioned him: "Dost thou not know, little grandfather, where was such grain thriving? Hast thou not sowed thyself such grain on the fields? Or hast thou not bought during thy lifetime somewhere such grain?"

The old man is deaf, and with extreme difficulty he could hear the question, and also with extreme difficulty comprehend it.

Then he answers. "No! on my fields I have never sowed such grain, never mowed and never bought it.

"When we bought our rye it was always small grained. But I must ask my father, perhaps he has heard where such grain was thriving."

So the czar sent for the old man's father to be brought before him.

The father of the old man was found and brought before the czar. He was an elderly man, walking with one crutch.

The czar showed him the grain. The old man saw with his own eyes and examined it thoroughly.

Then the czar asked him: "Dost not thou know, little old man, where such grain was thriving? Hast not thou sowed thyself such grain, or, perhaps, hast thou bought somewhere such grain?"

Though the old man was a little hard of hearing, he heard better than his son.

"No," said he, "on my fields I have neither sown nor mowed such grain, and also I have never bought it, because in my time money was not established. Everybody subsisted on his own bread, and in need we shared it each with another. I do not know where such grain was thriving, though our rye was of larger grain and better yielding than this of the present time. I have never seen one of this size. I heard from my father that in his time crops were large grained, better and better yielding in thrashing. He must be questioned."

The czar sent for the father of this old man, and the grandfather of the first old man has been found and brought before the czar.

This old man appeared before the czar without crutches, walking easily, his eyes serene, hearing well, and speaking distinctly and intelligibly.

The czar showed the grain to the grandfather.

The old fellow looked at it, turned it over, and said:

"It is a long time since I have seen this olden-time grain." He bit a small piece off it, chewed it a little, and said: "Itself it is."

"Tell me, little grandfather, where and when this grain was thriving? Hast thou not sowed on thy field such grain? or hast not thou bought in thine age such grain from the people?" And the old man answered:

"Such grain was thriving everywhere in my time. With this grain I was fed all my life, and I have fed others with it. This is the grain that I have sowed, mowed and threshed.

"Tell me, then," said the czar, "little grandfather, hast thou bought somewhere this grain, or hast thou sowed it on thine own field?"

The old man smiled. "In my time," said he, "none could ever think of such a sin as to sell and buy bread, and of money there was no idea; everybody had plenty of bread."

Then said the czar: "Tell me, little grandfather, where hast thou sowed this grain and where was thy field?"

And the grandfather answered: "My field was God's earth. Wherever we plowed there is a field. The earth was free. Nobody called it 'mine earth.' *Mine* was called only the *labor*."

"Tell me, then," said the czar, "two more things—firstly, why was *then* thriving such grain, and it is not thriving nowadays? and, secondly, another thing, why thy grandson walked with two crutches, thy son walked with one crutch, and thou earnest here walking easily, and thou hast serene eyes and strong teeth, and thy speech is intelligible and affable. Why? Tell me why, little grandfather, those two things exist now." And the old man said: "These two things exist now because people have ceased to live on their own labor and began to lust after some one else's labor. In the olden times we lived to please God. We had our own and we were not greedy of the gain of our neighbor."—From the Russian.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Rusk Pudding.—Heat dry, stale bread in the oven until hard, then roll fine and soak in milk until swollen, afterwards adding sugar and a couple of well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and baking. Chopped sweet apples are an addition. Eat with milk or cream and sugar.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Baked Codfish.—Scald the fish; shred it very fine. Boil some potatoes; while hot put in a large lump of butter, mash them thoroughly, mix potatoes and fish together, and beat to a cream with a wooden spoon. Put the mixture into a pudding dish, butter the top and bake until nicely browned. Use one-third more potatoes than fish.—Boston Budget.

—Pickled Cherries.—Put cherries into a jar and pour over them as much hot vinegar and sugar as will cover them. To each gallon of vinegar allow four pounds of sugar. It should be boiled, skimmed, and while hot poured over the fruit. Let stand a week; pour off the vinegar and boil as before; pour hot over the cherries a second time. As soon as cold, seed closely.—Housekeeper.

—Buried Salmon.—As soon as the salmon is caught, open it and cut out the spinal column. Wash it in clean water and dry on a clean towel. Rub the fish on the meat side with a tablespoonful of sugar, and on both sides with some fine salt. Place it with some dill in a large clean stone jar, and turn it daily for two or three days, when it is ready to eat, either as it is or broiled. Dill always improves the taste of salmon.—Harper's Bazar.

—Citron Cakes.—One pound of powdered sugar, one pound of sifted flour mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder, six whole eggs (or the yolks from the preceding recipe, with two eggs mixed with a little milk, will do as well), four ounces each of citron and orange peel cut in small pieces. Stir the eggs and sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the other ingredients and bake in small cakes on buttered pans. Perhaps it may be necessary to add a little flour.—Good Housekeeping.

—Wilted Lettuce.—Place in a vegetable dish, lettuce that has been very carefully picked and washed, each leaf by itself, to remove all insects. Cut across the dish several times, and sprinkle with salt. Fry a slice of fat ham until brown; remove meat; heat the grease until very hot; add one cup of good vinegar, and pour it boiling hot over the lettuce. Be certain to have the fat so hot that when the vinegar is poured in it will boil immediately. Add half cup or a cup of vinegar, according to the strength of vinegar and quantity of lettuce.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Celery Soup.—Cook two small heads of celery (from which the green leaves have been removed) for forty-five minutes in a quart of water in which a chicken or leg of veal has been boiled. Boil a pint of milk, half an onion and a sprig of parsley together. Mix two even tablespoonfuls of flour with four tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to boiling milk; cook ten minutes. Mash celery in the water in which it has been cooked and stir into boiling milk; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Strain and serve at once. A cupful of cream added just after the soup is put into the tureen is a great improvement.—Farm and Fireside.

BRILLIANT COLORS.

Beauties That Meet the Eye on Approaching the Bermudas.

The attention of the traveler is at first attracted by the colors of the waters as he approaches land, and in the innumerable bays and inner sounds. The blue reminds him of the Mediterranean, where the Mediterranean is at its best, but among the islands the blue changes to emerald as vivid as the pope's ring, to Tyrian purple, to a blending of purple and maroon in the shallow bays, while if he looks across any wide stretch of it there is an iridescent appearance, a shimmering of shifting colors like changeable silk, only the colors seem more solid, and one doubts whether they are sky reflections, and not solid colors of the bottom seen through the transparent water. For the water at a great depth is absolutely transparent. On the eastern coast of Sicily, below Taormina, are seen just such wonderful colors along the shore, just such sparkling blue in the sun, and there it is associated with ages of romance and adventure, with suggestions of treasure wrecked along the coast in the galleys of Phœnicia and Greek voyages. It is here difficult to believe that these brilliant colors are inherent in the water, and the fancy is quickened by some of the fish that sport in these halcyon seas. One of these is the angel fish, flat and oval in form, of cerulean blue, with two long streamers edged with yellow, apparently one of the happiest, as he is one of the most graceful, of all marine inhabitants. Another is the parrot fish, a larger animal, so called from his colors of green and brown, who moves about vigorously with his long fins, that imitate in their motion the stroke and recover of the Yale boat crew. His head is brown, his back is vivid green in shining scales, and his tail is brown again, with fine shadings of green. He knows that he is one of the handsomest of swimming things.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

Muskrats as Household Pets.

Mrs. Sarah Howard, of Houlton, has two queer pets—a couple of muskrats that came up the drain into her cellar and thence even into her kitchen. They have now got so tame that they eat out of the cat's saucer and show no fear of that individual, who on her part does not deign to notice them, though her kittens sometimes cuff the rats. One day they got straw and pieces off the broom and made a nest under the cupboard. They will come close to one's chair and smell one's hand when reached down to them. When eating milk they sit beside the saucer, thrust both paws into the milk, and then lap it from their paws, sometimes taking a half hour to consume a small saucer of milk.—Lewiston Journal.

CARNOT IS SLAIN

President of the French Republic Assassinated at Lyons.

His Murderer Refuses to Tell the Motive of His Awful Deed.

Plunged a Dagger Into His Victim's Body as He Rode in a Carriage.

The Famous Frenchman Does Not Long Survive His Wounds—His Career.

CARNOT CUT DOWN.

LYONS, June 25.—M. Sadi-Carnot, president of the French republic, is dead. He was struck down Sunday night by the hand of an assassin and died soon after midnight. The most intense excitement reigns throughout France.

The president was visiting Lyons in connection with the International exhibition. Upon his arrival here he was tendered a reception at the prefecture, after which he visited the exhibition. After spending some time there he proceeded to the Palais de Commerce, where a banquet was given in his honor.

At 9:25 President Carnot started for the theater, where a gala performance was to be given because of his presence in the city. Several carriages were in the procession, the first one being occupied by the president. M. Carnot's carriage was driven slowly along in front of the Palais de Commerce, and

PRESIDENT CARNOT.

then turned into Rue de la Republique, still following the facade of the palace. When half way down the street, which was lined with enthusiastic crowds of people, who were loudly cheering, a man rushed out of the crowd and sprang upon the steps of the president's landau.

Just at this moment M. Carnot was waving his right hand and saluting with his hat in his left hand in response to the ovation that was being given him.

Saw the President Stabbed.

The people close to the carriage saw that the man standing on the step had a knife in his hand. By the glare of the electric lights they saw the bright blade gleam in the air as the assassin's arm descended, and President Carnot was seen to fall back in his seat, his face deathly pale. One of his hands was pressed over his heart where the steel had entered the body.

M. Rivaud, prefect of Lyons, who was seated beside M. Carnot, immediately struck the assassin a blow full in the face and knocked him from the step, thus preventing the man from again stabbing the president, which it was his evident intention to do.

The Assassin Captured.

Instantly cries of: "The president is assassinated!" "Death to the assassin!" were heard on every side, and the crowd in the vicinity of the carriage swelled to enormous proportions, every member seemingly intent upon killing the assassin. He was grasped by a dozen hands and his life would have then and there paid the forfeit of his crime had it not been for several sergeants de ville, who seized and attempted to draw him away from his captors.

This was found to be impossible, as the infuriated populace was determined to lynch the man and the efforts of the sergeants availed nothing beyond saving the man from instant death. Blows were aimed at his face and head, over the shoulders of the police, who had by this time received reinforcements, and many of the blows landed fairly. At last the police succeeded in driving the howling mob back a foot or so from the prisoner, but to get the captive through the crowd was a physical impossibility.

Troops Charge on the Crowd.

In the meantime the news of the attempted murder had spread with lightning-like rapidity and mounted guards were sent to the aid of the police, who were still struggling to preserve the life of the assassin. With drawn sabers in their hands the guards rode down into the crowd, heedless of whom their horses trampled upon. The crowd gave way before the horses and at last the center of the mob was reached.

Then a cordon was formed around the ten almost exhausted policemen and their captive and the march to the police station began. Even thus surrounded the prisoner was not safe, for men in the crowd made frantic endeavors to reach him. The guards repelled these attacks with the flat sides of their swords, while at the same time keeping watchful eyes upon the crowd to prevent the prisoner from being shot. Maledictions were hurled upon the captive, and never before has such wild indignation against a human being been seen in this city.

In the meantime physicians were hastily summoned to attend the president, who had almost immediately been conveyed to the prefecture. A careful examination was made of the wound and the doctors declared that the condition of M. Carnot was hopeless.

Sensation at the Theater.

The receipt of the news of the assassination caused a great sensation at the Grand theater, which was filled to the walls by the elite of Lyons. The theater presented a brilliant scene, the handsome toilets of the ladies being offset by the gay uniforms of the many military officers present. All were awaiting with impatience the arrival of the president and were unable to understand the delay. Suddenly a man entered the theater, crying at the top of his voice: "The president has been assassinated!"

The most intense excitement followed this abrupt announcement. Women screamed and several fainted. Many men, without waiting to secure their hats, ran out of the building in order to confirm the news. They found all the streets leading to the palace filled with excited throngs, and in a few minutes they were convinced that the report of the cowardly attempt upon the life of the president was true.

Suddenly through the throng sped a landau conveying Adrien Dupuy, a brother of the prime minister, Deputy Chaudy and Prefect Rivaud, the crowd falling away before it as it dashed into the Rue de la Republique, preceded by four mounted gendarmes. The crowd thinking now that the report of the assassination was untrue and that the president was in the carriage shouted: "Vive Carnot," "Vive la Republique."

Cheers Turned to Curses.

The carriage was stopped and M. Chaudy and M. Rivaud, in tremulous voices, said: "Don't shout; the president has been the victim of an outrage."

The cheers were instantly turned to curses, and many and loud were the cries for vengeance.

The landau proceeded to the theater, where Rivaud and M. Chaudy went to the president's box. As soon as they were seen the whole audience arose and amid profound silence M. Rivaud said, in a voice broken with sobs: "The president has just been assassinated."

"Death to the Assassin."

This announcement was received with a terrible explosion of fury as the audience on the first report of the assassination had, though greatly excited, generally discredited it. The theater resounded with shouts of "A mort la assassin" and cries for vengeance upon him.

When silence was in a measure restored M. Rivaud continued:

"In the Rue de la Republique a miscreant, under the pretext of presenting a petition, stabbed M. Carnot with a dagger."

M. Rivaud was again interrupted with shouts of "Death to the murderer!" "Revenge!" "Revenge!"

Waving his hand for silence M. Rivaud again spoke, saying:

"Do not make my mission more painful. We left M. Carnot in the hands of doctors. You understand that under these conditions our hearts are filled with sorrow, and that the proposed performance in the president's honor cannot take place."

The audience then left the building, many of them proceeding at once to the perfecture, where they stood in the streets waiting for any report that might be given out and discussing the crime that they considered had cast disgrace upon the fair fame of their city.

The assassin is an Italian named Cesare Giovanni Santo.

The Assassin a Beardless Youth.

Santo, the assassin, is a beardless young man of 20 or 25 years old. When arrested he was attired in a brown suit and wore a peaked cap that matched the suit in color. As he marched, under his police guard, from the Rue de la Republique to the station, he held his head down, but his eyes glanced furtively around as though he was seeking an opportunity to escape from his captors. To have made such an attempt, however, would have been the height of foolhardiness unless he desired to commit suicide, for there is not the slightest doubt that had he got away from the protection of the police he would have been torn limb from limb by the crowd, whose every action showed that they were thirsting for his blood.

When the police party reached the Place des Cordeliers they were obliged to stop, while the landau in which were Gen. Borius, the prefect, the mayor and the wounded president, escorted by a detachment of mounted guards on a gallop, was driven rapidly past them en route to the prefecture. A second carriage conveying the officers of the president's military household followed close behind. An Associated Press reporter entered a third carriage, in which were M. Burdeau, ex-minister of finance, and Senator Milland. On arrival at the prefecture Gen. Borius, the prefect, and the mayor alighted.

The Wounded Man's Removal.

President Carnot lay motionless and unconscious upon the cushions of the carriage. His eyes were closed. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and his shirt, on which the bright red cordon of the Legion of Honor was conspicuous, was covered on the left side, just over the heart, by a large blood stain, which extended to the hip. It was impossible to tell from his appearance whether he was dead or alive.

The crowd surged about in the vicinity of the carriage, but mounted guards and foot police held them in check some distance from the landau in which the president was lying. Many were the expressions of pity for the president and anger at his assassin.

Gen. Borius, the prefect, and the mayor, assisted by a number of attendants, lifted M. Carnot from the carriage and with difficulty carried him as tenderly as possible to a room on the first floor of the prefecture and laid him on a bed. Dr. Gailleton, who is mayor of Lyons, then examined the wound.

Died Soon After Midnight.

President Carnot died at 12:45 o'clock this morning. Shortly after midnight the archbishop of Lyons was summoned to the bedside of the dying president to administer to him the last rites of the church. He was in the room but a short time when he emerged and retired to an adjoining room. Here he remained until 12:30, when he was again summoned to the president's room, where he administered to him the sacrament.

M. Carnot remained conscious to the last. He realized that his life was rapidly ebbing away and twice he said: "Je m'en vais." Dr. Pouce leaned over the bed on which the president was lying and said to him: "Your friends are here, monsieur le president." M. Carnot replied: "I am grateful for their presence," and in less than a minute he gasped for breath, there was a convulsive shuddering of his body and the president of France was dead. Immediately after the death of M. Carnot Prime Minister Dupuy started on his return to Paris to officially announce the news to the senate and the chamber of deputies.

The bed on which M. Carnot died was of iron. It was placed between two windows of the palace. At its foot was the bed of honor which had been reserved for the president. The incision made by the doctors in order to stop the internal hemorrhage measured about 3 inches long by 2 inches wide.

Murderer Will Not Tell His Motive.

Santo, who speaks French badly, when questioned by Prefect Lepin at the police station in Rue Moliere, said he had lived at Cette, department of Herault, for the past six months, and had only come to Lyons Sunday. He gave his age as 22 years. His replies were given coolly, but without any sign of bravado. He refused, however, to answer any of the many questions put to him regarding his motive for stabbing the president, declaring that on this subject he would speak only before a tribunal. When he was searched by the police a book was found in one of his pockets in which it was written that he had been born in a village in the province of Milan, Italy.

Mobbed the Italians.

After M. Carnot had been taken to the prefecture it became generally known that his assassin was an Italian and the feeling of deep indignation among the crowd found vent in the form of attacks upon cafes kept by inoffensive natives of Italy. Three such places in the vicinity of the palace of commerce were totally wrecked by the infuriated mob.

All over the city threats are made to take summary vengeance upon the countrymen of Santo, and the authorities, fearing that attempts will be made to put these threats into effect, ordered bodies of cuirassiers to patrol the city to prevent any outbreak. Everywhere the troops are greeted with cries of "Long live the army."

After the attacks upon the Italian cafes the disorderly element among the crowds directed their attention to the Italians whom they found upon the streets. Several of these men were pursued by the mob and barely escaped with their lives. The police, who were extraordinarily vigilant, had great difficulty in rescuing the hunted men. The Rue de la Barre is now barricaded at both ends and guarded by troops.

Grief of Mme. Carnot.

PARIS, June 25.—Mme. Carnot accompanied by her two daughters, left this city at 1 o'clock this morning for Lyons. The news of the assassination of her husband was broken to her as tenderly as possible. She was almost prostrated with grief, but gave orders for preparations to be at once made to convey her to Lyons.

To Choose a New President.

PARIS, June 25.—An official note has been issued calling upon the senate and chamber of deputies to assemble in congress at Versailles at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of electing a new president.

USEFUL AND BUSY LIFE.

Career of Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, President of France.

Marie Francois Sadi Carnot, who, December 3, 1887, succeeded Jules Grevy as president of the French republic, was considerably younger than any of his three predecessors, having been born in 1837 at Limoges. The son and grandson of most distinguished republican statesmen, he was brought up as a civil engineer and graduated with the highest honors at the Ecole polytechnique in 1857, and subsequently at the famous Ecole des Ponts et Chaussees in 1863. After having acted as government engineer in several provincial district he was in 1871 appointed prefect of the Seine department, which includes the civil governorship of Paris and its suburbs, and took a prominent part in organizing the national defense against the German invaders. A few months later he was elected by the Cote-d'Or district to represent them in the national assembly, and after taking his seat became the organizing secretary of the republican left party in the chamber. In 1876 he was elected by the inhabitants of the district of Beaune to represent their interests in parliament. In 1879 he was appointed under secretary of state for the ministry of public works. In 1880 he became minister of the same department in the cabinet of Jules Ferry. On the resignation of the latter in 1883 he was reappointed to the same ministry in Henri Brisson's cabinet, and on the resignation of M. Clamargeran a few months later he succeeded him as minister of finance, an office which he likewise held in the Goblet ministry.

On the retirement of President Grevy the two great republican orators, Ferry and Freycinet, were the principal candidates for the succession. In the first trial ballot of the republican senators and deputies on the morning of December 3, 1887, the former received 200 and the latter 172 votes, Brisson coming next with 81, and then Carnot with 69. The election of Ferry threatened to produce a popular disturbance, and Freycinet's supporters, when they saw that his chance was hopeless, decided to give their votes to Carnot. When the congress met in the afternoon Carnot received on the first ballot 616 votes; Ferry, 212; Gen. Saussier, 114; Freycinet, 76; Gen. Appert, 22; Brisson, 26, and other candidates, 31. Freycinet and Ferry then withdrew in favor of Carnot, who was elected on the second ballot by 616 votes, Gen. Saussier receiving from the conservatives 183.

President Carnot's widow is the daughter of Dupont White, who translated John Stuart Mill's works into French. Four children, all of whom are living, were the result of the union. One of two sons is in the French army and another represents a steamship company in Brazil.

M. Carnot's father, who was minister of public instruction in the republican government of 1848, and who, together with Gen. Cavaignac, refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III. in 1851, was one of the most popular statesmen and distinguished scientists and authors in France. His grandfather also figured prominently in French history as one of the leading members of the convention of the great revolution of 1791.

THE ELK PLAYED POSSUM.

A Surprise Awaited the Hunter Who Started In to Skin the Beast.

"An elk beats the dickens for mischief," said an old hunter to a writer for the New York Sun. "One time I was hunting on the Yellowstone river with Uncle Pete McDougall and a squaw man named Jackson, and every kind of game that you ever saw was found there. We shot no end of buffalo, deer and antelope, and thought the list complete when we struck a band of elk in the open valley. The squaw man said that the only way to kill an elk was to bury yourself in a clump of bushes and wait for him to come to you. I knew better, and so we herded up the group and tried to close in on them in a circle. Well, they all got away except one bull, who was cornered until I could get a shot at him. I was flattering myself that it was a great shot when I saw him fall flat on his side and never move a hair.

"'You know all about killing elk,' I said, sarcastic like, to the squaw man.

"'You killed him, you skin him,' he said.

"'All right,' said I, 'but you don't get any of the meat.' And with that I out with my knife and walked quickly over to the dead elk, never noticing where he was hit. I got square over on his neck, and was just reaching with my knife to strike the skin from his head when of all surprises I ever got that was the worst. That bull elk just raised up in the air with me on his neck, and, tossing his head, caught me squarely on his horns. I came down like a piece of lead ore in a thousand foot shaft. I tried to hang on to his horns but he jerked my grip and threw me high in the air and on the ground, where I lay with the breath knocked out of me and too scared to move and thinking he would trample me to death in the sage brush. Finally my friends got in their work. The elk had so much fun that he did not see them coming, and Uncle Pete put a ball in his heart just as the beast was about to jump on me with all four feet. The elk tumbled over on me, and under his crushing weight I fainted. The next I remembered was the smell of smuggled Canadian whisky and the squaw man saying with a laugh:

"'It takes a long time to learn an elk's ways.'

"Like Gen. Grant in the interview, 'I had nothing to say on the subject.'"

HER HEART ON HER SLEEVE.

The Coster Girl Never Hides Her Emotions, as Fine Ladies Do.

It is an interesting sight to see the real coster girl, not her stage present ment, enjoying herself on a bank holiday. First of all, she is very smart according to her own ideas, which, to do her justice, are original and not pale copies of the West End ladies.

Her hair, especially, engages her attention, and in this she prefers a distinctive style of her own. The hair is parted at each side, cut short and very much curled and crimped, and surmounted by a large hat and ostrich feathers coming well over the eyes, in some cases almost hiding them. She is musical, too, and easily breaks into singing and dancing.

It is sad to note this unsatisfied longing to indulge in rhythmical movement as exemplified in a slow valse danced by two of the same sex, or a wild sort of jig partaking of the cancan and the breakdown shared in by both men and women, says the London Graphic. A crowd of admiring and encouraging bystanders gathers round quickly, applauding or criticising in their own peculiar manner. The belle is arrayed in a brown dress with pink bow at the neck, a large green velvet hat and feathers, a large white shawl and white gloves. She is as self-conscious as the beauty of a Belgrave Square ball, and dances with an enjoyment and an unction unknown to the languid lady.

There is no sitting out here, no useless dancing men, for both sexes seem equally delighted to revolve with each other. There is an evident love of bright colors in the dress of boys and girls, and there is a hearty, boisterous flow of high spirits and of somewhat rough good-nature, coupled with a laudable determination to be happy, which is as refreshing as it is unforced.

PROFESSOR—"All natural products are divided into three parts. Mr. Thompson, where would you place sugar?" Mr. Thompson—"Into the coffee."

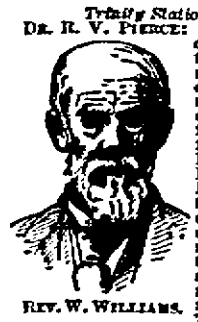
What a Minister Says.

Tyaskin Station, Morgan Co., Ala.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—In the fall of last year I suffered from rheumatism in my left shoulder and elbow. I tried a great many remedies, recommended to me by friends, but they all failed to afford relief. From the time I began Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, until I felt that I was cured, was a period covering four or five months. While the attack lasted, I suffered a great deal, and could not dress or undress myself. Although I am 73 years old, I now regard my health as splendid. I had spent a great deal of money previously, in various kinds of medicine, but the "Discovery," from the day I commenced until I was well, cost only FOUR DOLLARS.

Accept my gratitude, and I beg to subscribe myself. Your friend,

REV. WILSON WILLIAMS.



REV. W. WILLIAMS.

PIERCE'S CURE.

$50 $50 $50 $50 $50

LADIES & GENTS Bicycles

Full Size—Full Full—Pneumatic. The Largest Bicycle Repair Shop in the West. Bicycle Sales, $5.00 upward. Sundries of all kinds. Send for Catalogue stating wants. 11 years in the business. N. P. HEATH CYCLE CO., Minneapolis, Minn. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—G. 1506.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOND OF NURSING PEOPLE.

A Characteristic of Florence Nightingale from Her Earliest Youth.

Florence Nightingale, the world-famous nurse, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1823, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Her father, William Edward Shore, of England, inherited the estate of his grand-uncle, Peter Nightingale, and, in pursuance of his will, assumed the name Nightingale. As the child of wealthy parents, Miss Nightingale was well educated. From early childhood the care of the sick was a favorite occupation of hers, and in 1849 she entered, as a voluntary nurse, a school of deaconesses to qualify herself to minister to the sick. In 1854, at the solicitation of Secretary of War Sidney Herbert, she went to Constantinople as the superintendent of a staff of nurses to care for the soldiers of Great Britain who were wounded in the Crimean war. By her rare executive ability and thorough knowledge of what was necessary she made the hospital, which was in a most deplorable state, a model in thoroughness and perfection of its appointments. So immense were her labors that she frequently stood for twenty hours in succession giving directions. Notwithstanding this her pleasant smile and kind words to the sick made her almost idolized by the army. She returned to England September 8, 1856. Her services have secured her the sincerest gratitude of the English people and a world renown. Queen Victoria sent her a letter of thanks, with a superb jewel. A subscription of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was raised to found an institute for the training of nurses under her direction, and the soldiers of the army, by a penny contribution, raised a sum sufficient to erect a statue to her honor, which she refused to allow.

Are You Going to Travel?

If so, and in whatever direction, or by whatever route, have a sufficiency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters with you. Then you may bid defiance to sea sickness, brave the influence of a malarious climate or abrupt transitions of temperature, avoid dyspepsia, and the stomachic pangs begotten of bad food and water, and counteract an unexpectedly developed tendency to constipation, biliousness and rheumatism.

FRANCES and her papa had a few squares to go and the latter asked: "Frances, shall we walk or take the street car?" "Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you'll carry me."—Harper's Bazar.

Fishing Among the 1,000 Islands.

56 pages, beautifully illustrated; nine maps, showing exact location of the fish; full information, with numerous accurate illustrations of tackle, &c., will be sent to any address, free, postpaid, on receipt of five two-cent stamps, by GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE higher up a thermometer gets the lower it falls in the public estimation.—Philadelphia Record.

ON EASY STREET.—Worker—"What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Hard Worker—"Nothing, mostly, and demand twenty-four hours a day to do it in."—Detroit Free Press.

When Visiting Minneapolis

Stop at HOTEL NICOLLET, the central, first-class hotel, with all modern conveniences. Electric cars to all parts of city, and to St. Paul, pass the door. Rates, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day; suites of rooms with baths, extra.

NODD—"The janitor's wife in our apartment overslept herself the other morning." Todd—"How did you know that?" Nodd—"Because we had cream."—Truth.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

MANY a man with an iron will finds after marriage that it is led instead.—Inter Ocean.

PIMPLES are inexpressibly mortifying. Remedy—Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

A LOVE that does nothing is no love at all.—Ram's Horn.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

Everything connected with Butter

—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with Pearline. That gets at the soaked-in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may seem to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use Pearline, and they really are clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 383 JAMES PYLE, New York.

It's like comparing "A Candle to the brilliancy of the Sun" to compare other Soaps with SANTA CLAUS.

Because it's the purest, best and most Economical.

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Sold everywhere made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Chicago.

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Building Materials, Gasoline Stoves and Refrigerators Cheaper than the Cheapest.

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We are showing an immense line of Cloaks and Capes, all new and fashionable shapes, for summer wear. We have marked down some odd lines of outside garments rather than carry them over to another season. You will find among these garments some excellent bargains.

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.

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The Price Tells. The Quality Sells.

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Brown Street, Rhinelander.

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths always on hand. If you want a first-class perfect-fitting suit call on me.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room

NAYLOR & WAGNER, Prop.'s.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooning, etc., done in first-class order, as none but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

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Sanitary Plumber

I am fully prepared to do all kinds of Plumbing—Steam and Hot Water Heating, Etc.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished on Plumbing in all its Branches
Agent for the Leading Steam and Hot Water Heaters.
Office on Stevens Street opposite Fuller House.

The State Convention.

The following is the number of delegates each county in the state will be entitled to in the next State Convention. This is based upon the republican vote of 1892 cast for President Harrison, giving one delegate to each 700 votes, or major part thereof, cast at that election.

Adams	2	Manitowoc	8
Ashland	3	Marathon	4
Barron	4	Marinette	4
Bayfield	3	Marquette	3
Brown	6	Milwaukee	49
Buffalo	3	Monroe	5
Burnett	1	Oconto	3
Calumet	2	Oneida	3
Chippewa	4	Ontagamie	5
Clark	4	Ozaukee	4
Columbia	7	Pepin	2
Crawford	3	Pierce	5
Dane	11	Polk	3
Dodge	5	Portage	5
Door	3	Price	2
Douglas	6	Racine	8
Dunn	4	Richland	5
Eau Claire	5	Rock	12
Florence	1	St Croix	5
Fond du Lac	8	Sauk	7
Forest	1	Sawyer	1
Grant	8	Shawano	3
Green	5	Sheboygan	7
Green Lake	3	Taylor	1
Iowa	5	Trempeleau	4
Iron	2	Vernon	6
Jackson	4	Vilas	1
Jefferson	5	Walworth	8
Juneau	4	Washburn	1
Kenosha	5	Washington	5
Kewaunee	4	Waukesha	7
La Crosse	7	Waupaca	7
Langlade	3	Winnebago	11
Lincoln	3	Wood	4
La Fayette	5	Waushara	4
Total	311		

Republican Congressional Convention.

Notice is hereby given that a convention of the Ninth Congressional District will be held at the court house in the city of Merrill, Lincoln county, Wisconsin, on the 15th day of August, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for member of congress for such district; also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the convention.

Each county in the district will be entitled to one delegate for every 700 votes or major fraction thereof, cast for the republican nominee for congress in the year 1892, as follows:

Ashland	5	Marinette	6
Clark	7	Oconto	4
Florence	1	Oneida	3
Forest	1	Price	4
Iron	3	Shawano	4
Langlade	3	Taylor	2
Lincoln	4	Vilas	1
Marathon			6

By order Congressional Committee,
W. H. FLETT, Chairman.
Dated Merrill, Wis., June 23, 1894.

The feathering off of General Tarsney by Colorado miners is the direct result of Gov. Waite's talk and behavior since he and his crowd of populists came into power in that state.

Chairman Wall has called the Democratic State Central Committee to meet in Milwaukee soon. The time of holding the state convention is the important business advertised to be dealt with. The business to be done is probably the finding of a candidate for governor who is willing to stand and pay for an approaching defeat.

It is reported that Governor Peck is being advised to call a special session of the legislature before election, for the purpose of having the Sunday closing law repealed. It is said that the liquor interests have demanded it.

Milwaukee is grieved because their business men's council accepts passes on the street car lines and passes the street car ordinances in return.

A new candidate for Insurance Commissioner has popped up in Milwaukee. His name is Seymour and he seems to have a good many friends there. We will doubtless see more of him between now and the 25th prox.

Duncan J. McKenzie of Alma, Wis., is making a strong fight for the state treasurership nomination. Mr. McKenzie did Oneida county a number of good turns in the legislature two years ago and he has a number of friends here who would be pleased to see him win.

The current number of Judge has a good frontispiece showing a new style of sugar cured ham. It is Grover done up by the sugar trust.

Senator Hill is the target for attacks from Democratic papers on account of his attack on the mongrel tariff bill, but time will bring Senator Hill out as the only Democratic member of the present Senate who will not have to bear the odium of having been identified with the passing of that same mongrel tariff. Hill is unscrupulous and a dangerous leader, but when he sees a sign of warning as large as a range of mountains, he knows what it is.

The Milwaukee News says that the Democratic Senate should change the motto "In God We Trust," by substituting "Sugar" for God.

Assassination of President Carnot.

Francois Sadi Carnot, president of the French Republic, was assassinated at Lyons last night, in the 57th year of his age, while riding in a landeau to the theatre, by an Italian who planted a dagger near to his heart. He died at 12:45 Monday morning, having suffered intense pain, as the physicians would not administer chlorodorm, fearing that in his weak condition it would kill him instantly.

All France is agitated, and especially Lyons, over the tragic occurrence. The president visited the metropolitan city of the south of France to attend an international exhibition organized by the Lyonnaise. His reception had been an ovation, and all Lyons was in tremulous joy when the assassin planted his dagger in the body of Carnot.

The police behaved with admirable fortitude and wisdom. They prevented the assassin from being torn to pieces by the indignant populace, and more, they prevented a distructive raid on the Italian quarters in Lyons, which had it succeeded would have still further complicated the strained relations between France and Italy. The Frenchmen are proud that it was not one of their own nation who killed the president, but a foreigner.

At present there is no conceivable motive for the assassination, and the assassin would not answer a word on that point. He is undoubtedly a crank of the Giteau and Prendergast stamp, who felt a desire to tear down existing institutions.

What effect the assassination will exert on France is yet to be tested. Carnot had determined to retire from the presidency in December next, and had refused a reelection. Yet he hoped to terminate his trust peacably, and hand over the French Republic quietly to his successor. But fate has decided otherwise.

The French Chambers are to convene on Wednesday morning to elect a successor to Carnot. Then the crisis will commence, as there are so many warring factions and so many candidates that it is difficult to prognosticate the result. But we have the faith that France is not only a republic in name, but in deed, and that she and her institutions will survive the stormy sea.

The violent death of Carnot is a calamity, not only because he was the head of the state, but because he possessed a stable, a conservative and a common sense character, which had assured to him the confidence of the people of France and the respect of most violent radicals. He was the sworn enemy of disorder, and no appeal could be made to him to shield the Anarchists, after committing a crime, from the severest penalty which the law administered. His personal character was reputable in the highest degree, and his intelligent wife and two charming daughters enabled him to give a prestige to French society since France became a republic. And so the old gaiety and in a measure the same society has returned to Paris, which has tended to render it now as in past years, the most attractive city in the world.

Carnot had passed through many ministerial crisises, some of which were extremly critical, yet he retained France in the line of law and order, and in a measure of prosperity which has astonished the other nations of Europe, in view of the colossal taxable burdens which the French people have been called upon to bear.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of Three hundred and seven and 20-100 Dollars, claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain real estate mortage dated on the 8th day of March 1893, made and executed by Benjamin Kennedy and Emeline Kennedy his wife mortgagers to George E. Tripp mortagee, and which said mortage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oneida County, Wisconsin, on the first day of April 1893, at 8:30 o'clock in the forenoon, in Volume 8 of Mortages on page 131 and no action at law or otherwise having been commenced to recover the amount secured by said mortage, and the power of sale in said mortage having become operative by reason of the aforesaid default:

Now, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of said power of sale, and pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed, and the lands and premises therein described as follows viz: A piece or parcel of land bounded as follows to-wit: Commencing at a point in the center of the county road where the North line of Lot two (2) in Section Eleven (11) Township Thirty Eight (38) North of Range Nine (9) East crosses said road: thence running West on the North line of said Lot Two, twelve chains and forty four links: thence South over Lake, Nineteen chains: thence East eight chains: thence South two chains: thence East four chains and thirty-seven links to center of said county road: thence Northeasterly along the center of said road to place of beginning, all in Oneida County, Wisconsin, will be sold at public auction by the Sheriff of said County of Oneida or his Under-sheriff, on the 21st day of July, 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the front door of the First National Bank, in the City of Rhinelander Wisconsin, for the purpose of paying the aforesaid amount due on said mortgage, with the Solicitors fees therein provided, and costs of sale.

Dated June 8, 1894.

FRED E. TRIPP, Adm'r.
Jun7Jul19-7 Est. of Geo. E. Tripp, Mortgagee

ATTORNEYS.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections promptly attended to. Office over Spafford & Cole's

MILLER & McCORMICK,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections sharply looked after. Office over First National Bank

L. J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor.
Rhinelander, Wis

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Office on Davenport Street. Rhinelander, Wis

PAUL BROWNE,
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A. W. SHELTON,
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Special attention paid to homestead law and contests. Rhinelander, Wis

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Physician & Surgeon,
Office in Brown's Block. Rhinelander, Wis

F. L. HINMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Ankerle & Hinman's Drug Store. Night calls from residence, N. W. Corner Court House Square. Rhinelander, Wisconsin

FINANCIAL.

MERCHANTS' STATE BANK,
Capital $50,000. Surplus, $15,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Brown Street. Rhinelander, Wis

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
of Rhinelander.
Capital and Surplus $80,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Street

HENRY HEYN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Wood,

Lime,

Brick,

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CEMENT, STUCCO,

Plastering Hair and Building Material.

Warehouse near N-W Depot.

W. H. FLETCHER,

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CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

All work done with neatness and dispatch.

Estimates Carefully Furnish'd

Correspondence Solicited.
P. O. Box 123.
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Spafford & Cole.

!

The principle of our house always has been to lead in trade. Hence the reason why we carry a much larger line than others.

Our Shoe Department shows you the best things in make and style from the Infant's Crocus to the Lumberman's Driving Shoe.

In womens' shoes and slippers we show black and tans in all styles of toes and heels and we guarantee them to be good.

Wash Dress Goods and Laces seem to be the going things just now. They are cheap and very neat.

Remember that we keep the largest line of Corsets in the city. All leading makes, from the celebrated P. D. to the cheap summer corset. Gauze and Summer Merino underwear of all grades.

Remember that Heath & Milligan's Celebrated mixed paints are superior to all others. If you don't believe us just look at the houses that have been painted five years and are bright to-day.

Remember too Our Grocery Department. The finest creamery at 20 cents, eggs at 11 cents and "Pillsbury's Best" that makes more bread and better bread than any flour in the land and what adds to this statement nobody denies it.

!

Spafford & Cole.

CLARK & LENNON--Builder's and Lumbermen's Hardware!

J. Segerstrom,

. . Dealer in

Watches,
Jewelry,
Diamonds, Silverware,
Clocks, Etc.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fansts' Block. - Rhinelander, Wisconsin

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE CITY MARKET,

—Wholesale and Retail—

MEATS AND PROVISIONS.

Brown Street. Rhinelander, Wis.

HUNER & FENNING, Prop's.

A. C. DANIELSON & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s plant, Rhinelander, Wis.

Crane, Fenelon & Co.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods

First-class Goods and Prices to Suit the Times.

ED. ROGERS,

Horseshoer!

Will attend to all work entrusted to me in a satisfactory manner.

I ALSO SHOE CATTLE.

Shop next to Giant Sleigh Works.

F. A. HILDEBRAND,

DEALER IN **FURNITURE.**

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER. - WIS.

THE BEST

WASHBURN, CROSBY & CO.'S **Gold Medal Flour.**

FOR SALE BY

Martin & Co. J. G. Dunn.
E. A. Tobey. E. E. Stowe.
E. Boyer.

HARRIGAN BROS. & CO.

FEED, HAY, OATS and MILL STUFF

At Retail or In Car Lots for Cash.

W. D. HARRIGAN

—DEALER IN—

Brick, Lime, Hair, Sand,
Adamant, Fire Clay and Brick

Cements of all kinds. Hard and Soft Coal, Wood etc. Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Harrigan's Block.

THE NEW NORTH.

BISHOP & OGDEN, Publishers.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

NORTH BOUND

No. 2—Daily ..... 9:45 A. M.
No. 5—Ashland Mail and Express ..... 1:47 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 6—Daily ..... 11:15 P. M.
No. 6—Ashland Mail and Express ..... 1:17 P. M.

H. C. BRIEGER, AGENT.

Minne'lis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

EAST BOUND.

No. 8—Ar. 1:25 a. m.—Through Passenger.
No. 84—Ar. 8:05 p. m.—Mix'd Accommoda'n.

WEST BOUND.

No. 7—Ar. 1:15 a. m.—Through Passenger.
No. 85—Ar. 6:35 a. m.—Mix'd Accommoda'n.

Freight trains do not carry passengers on this division.

Trains 7 and 8 are fast trains and stop only at principal stations.

Effective Sunday, June 17, 2 p. m.

C. M. CHAMBERS, Agent.

City Council Proceedings.

June 5, 1891, 7:30 p. m.

At a regular meeting of the common council of the city of Rhinelander. Present, W. E. Brown, mayor. Roll call the following members were present: Dunwoodie, Didier, Dunn, Fendon, Klumb, Lewis, Mullen and Stumpner. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The petition of L. M. Bennet and others for the improvement of Harvey street and referred to committee on water works, streets and bridges, the committee reported as follows: "The committee would recommend that the prayer of this petition be granted. B. R. Lewis, chairman." Moved and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted, carried. The petition of John W. Burns and others for the opening of Montrose street and referred to committee on water works streets and bridges, committee reported as follows: "The committee would recommend the granting of the within petition. B. R. Lewis, Chairman. Moved and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted, carried. The petition of B. R. Dimick and others to grade down Mason St. and referred to committee on water works, streets and bridges, the committee reported as follows: "The committee would recommend indefinite postponement of the within petition as we can see no way to fix it without a change of grade. Their lots need filling and not the street cutting down. B. R. Lewis, Chairman." Moved and seconded that the petition be laid upon the table. Motion carried. Petition of A. Conro & Son for a crossing on Thayer street and referred to committee on water works, streets and bridges, committee reported as follows: "The committee would recommend that the prayer of the within petitioner be not granted, as it is center of block and not a crossing. B. R. Lewis, Chairman. Moved and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted, carried. The petition of Frank Sutton and others for a drain on Stevens street and referred to committee on water works, streets and bridges, the committee reported as follows: "The committee can see no way of granting this petition without quite an outlay and would recommend that it be laid on the table. B. R. Lewis, Chairman. Moved and seconded that the report of the committee be adopted. Motion carried.

Moved and seconded that the assessor be and is instructed to make out a list of the lots in the city on which he cannot get a correct description. Motion carried.

The following bills were audited and the officers instructed to draw orders for same:

Claim No.	Name of claimant	Amt clm'd	Amt all'd
1	Wm Pecaw	$ 2 00	$ 2 00
2	J J Reardon & Co	20 57	20 57
3	J R Maskell	10 00	10 00
4	Brown Bros Lum Co	10 22	10 22
5	J W McMillan	1 00	1 00
6	F M Mason	4 00	2 00
7	Elbert Gary	8 00	8 00
8	Frank Keenan	4 00	2 00
9	A Mettayer	4 00	2 00
10	John Hobert	3 62	3 62
11	J E Jackson	1 95	1 95
12	Minneapolis Stamp & Stencil Co	10 00	10 00
13	J E Jackson	6 00	6 00
14	Irvin Gray	39 50	39 50
15	Peter Hansen	2 25	2 00
16	T Mason	18 60	18 60
17	E E Spencer	3 50	3 50
18	A Cozzhlin	6 00	6 00
19	G W Porter	12 00	12 00
20	P Mullen	13 00	13 00
21	John Ostrom	1 50	1 50
22	John Kiss	6 20	6 20
23	P Mullen	60 00	60 00
24	C Hilding	11 10	11 10
25	R Cozzhlin	27 65	27 65
26	John Ostrom	20 60	20 60
27	Hans Johnson	20 50	20 50
28	Henry Engle	21 50	21 50
29	G W Porter	25 70	25 70
30	C F Gardiner	12 00	12 00
31	J Cannon	11 10	11 10
32	J Busch	22 25	22 25
33	A Bergman	22 10	22 10
34	A Mohr	21 80	21 80
35	H H West Co	133 22	133 22
36	Marr & Richards	18 25	18 25
37	Chandler & Belle Co	39 83	39 83
38	W D Harrigan	1 50	1 50
39	Harrigan Bros & Co	6 30	6 30
40	J E Jackson	1 10	1 10
41	Fred Warren	2 00	2 00
42	C Faust	95 22	95 22
43	—	256 00	256 00
44	—	32 00	32 00
45	J Corer	32 00	32 00
46	W S Reel	2 00	2 00
47	F A Hildebrand	25 50	25 50
48	J Tuttle	2 00	2 00
49	—	41 67	41 67
50	C Ely	2 00	2 00
51	Clark & Lennon	10 22	10 22
52	Perry Johnson	2 00	2 00
53	Wm E Whitney	2 00	2 00
54	John G Long	10 09	10 09
55	Chas Wilson	2 00	2 00
56	C Faust	9 25	9 25
57	W W Carr	1 70	1 70
58	C M Olson	19 78	19 78
59	J Betz	24 91	24 91
60	—	17 18	17 18
61	William Mackie	28 82	28 82
62	J Jewell	1 00	1 00
63	Mrs O'Brien	1 25	1 25
64	F Martin	3 58	3 58
65	P E Parker	1 00	1 00
66	C E Hansen	2 95	2 95
67	H Repke	3 75	3 75
68	C Hilding	1 00	1 00
69	C E Hansen	5 25	5 25
70	H Repke	13 50	13 50
71	P Hansen	16 25	16 25
72	Hans Johnson	7 87	7 87
73	—	6 00	6 00
74	P Hansen	15 00	15 00
75	Hans Johnson	10 50	10 50
76	—	1 50	1 50
77	J E Jackson	9 12	9 12
78	T G McLaughlin	13 00	13 00
79	Rhinelander Pratg Co		
80	Rhinelander Pratg Co		
81	Rhinelander Pratg Co		

The following resolution was introduced by Alderman Stumpner:

RESOLVED: By the common council of the city of Rhinelander that the proper officers are instructed to draw monthly on the first day of each month, orders for the salaries of all salaried city officers except the assessor, for the preceding month. Said officers shall draw salary from April 18, 1891, except the city clerk who shall be entitled to draw salary for the month of April.

Signed, L. STUMPNER, Ald.

On motion the rules were suspended and the resolution adopted all of the alderman voting aye.

Moved and seconded that the vote granting the contract to John Shafer to furnish slab wood, be reconsidered, and that the contract to furnish the wood be granted to A. Kincaid at 75 cents per cord for slabwood, and the committee of public works be authorized to make a contract. Motion carried, all of the alderman voting aye.

Resolution introduced by Alderman Lewis in reference to a purchasing committee, was referred to the committee on city affairs.

Moved and seconded that the mayor, comptroller and city attorney be authorized to settle with the school board of the town of Pelican. Motion carried.

Moved and seconded that the mayor and clerk be authorized to borrow funds to meet the city expenses not to exceed $3,500 in all. Motion carried, all of the aldermen voting aye.

Moved and seconded to adjourn until June 28th, 1891 at 7:30 p. m., carried. W. W. CARR, City Clerk.

An Ordinance Providing for the Destruction of Unlicensed Dogs.

The common Council of the City of Rhinelander do ordain as follows:

SEC. 1. The mayor of the city of Rhinelander shall appoint a dog catcher in and for said city, whose duty it shall be to catch all dogs running at large in the city and not having fastened to them the tags showing that the tax required by law has been paid upon them and to keep such dogs until disposed of as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. The dog catcher shall keep each dog so caught by him in some convenient place at his place of residence for three days, and if no person appears within said three days to pay the tax on such dog and pay the fees and expenses of catching and keeping such dog, he shall at the end of such three days destroy and bury such dog, and shall receive a fee of fifty cents from the city therefor.

SEC. 3. Any person may redeem a dog so caught and kept by the dog catcher by procuring the proper tax tag from the city clerk and attaching it to such dog and paying to the dog catcher the sum of one dollar for his fee for catching and keeping such dog.

SEC. 4. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Presented and its passage moved by
N. DIDIER, Alderman.

For Sale at Retail.

No. four and six boards.
No. two and cull dimension.
Lath and shingles.

tf STEVENS LUMBER CO.

For Sale.

Good farming lands near Rhinelander for sale at reasonable figures. Also lots in Colin, Bing & Slimmer's first, second and third additions to Rhinelander. Enquire of E. C. Sturdevant at the court house. j2tf

---

Pure Spring Water.

I have arrangements completed for delivering water from the Oneida Spring, to any part of the city, fresh every morning. The cost is only nominal and the water absolutely pure. Those desiring service should apply at once.

tf ARTHUR TAYLOR.

GOLDEN EAGLE

BARBER SHOP

Fuller House Block.

J. H. LEWIS, Proprietor.

All work in the tonsorial line done satisfactory.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

THE NORTHWESTERN

Chloride of Gold Institute.

Is the only Institute in this immediate section licensed to use the famous Chloride of Gold Cure. The terms are reasonable and a cure absolutely guaranteed. Call on or address,

DR. H. C. KEITH.
Rhinelander, Wis.

H. LEWIS,

Wine, Liquor and Cigar MERCHANT.

Stoltzman Block. - Rhinelander, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices

J. Weisen's

Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with seasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usual found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

SLIMMER'S

NEW

Clothing . . .

. . . House.

IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING

With Gent's Furnishing Goods

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes

New Meat Market!

Having purchased the business and fixtures of the firm of Hunt Bros. I am in the business of selling all kind

Meats and Provisions,

Fish, Poultry, Etc.

I ask a share of the public patronage and guarantee my best efforts to give you good honest weight of the best meats I can buy at market figures. Should be pleased to see you at the shop. Corner Davenport and Stevens streets.

Very truly,

E. C. VESSEY

PURE SPRING WATER.

FROM THE . . .

ONEIDA SPRING

Brought to your home every morning, at a cost so low that all can afford it.

Apply to

ARTHUR TAYLOR.

E. BOYER,

- - Dealer in - -

Groceries, Provis'ons, Flour, Feed Etc., Etc.

All my stock is new and fresh. My prices are low for cash, and it will pay anyone in the city to try our goods and prices

Delivery made to any part of city.

North Side, RHINELANDER.

CHICAGO and NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

horough Sleeping and Parlor Car Line

—WITH—

FAST TRAINS

BETWEEN

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, APPLETON, WAUSAU and ASHLAND.

The Gogebic, Penokee and Montreal Iron and Mineral Ranges

Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, Wakefield

And the Manufacturing Centers and Lumbering Districts of Central and Northern Wisconsin,

Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Kaukauna, Appleton, Wausau, Antigo, Eagle River and Rhinelander.

Direct Line

Via ASHLAND and N. P. R. R. for

SUPERIOR, WEST SUPERIOR, DULUTH

Pacific Coast and Intermediate Points.

For Tickets, Maps, Time Tables and full information apply to Ticket Agent C. & N. W. Ry., Rhinelander, Wis., or address the Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent at Chicago.

Milwaukee City Office, - 192 Wisconsin St
Chicago City Office, 208 Clark St.

W. H. NEWMAN, Third Vice President. J. M. WHITMAN, Gen'l Manager
W. A. THRAIL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, - ILL.

ONEIDA CLOTHING HOUSE,

We Have the Largest and Best Stock of

Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
and Shoes.

EVER BROUGHT TO THE CITY.

LOUIS ZOLINSKY, Prop.

NEW NORTH.

ERINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Regular Session.

NUMEROUS changes were made in the free list of the tariff bill by the senate on the 19th, iron ore, meats, lard and quicksilver being among the articles on which a duty was placed....In the house the bill to pension widows whose names were taken from the rolls because they had remarried and whose second husbands have died or been divorced was favorably reported. The anti-option bill was further discussed.

On the 20th the tariff bill was further discussed in the senate and it was voted to put logs and lumber, including dressed lumber, on the free list....In the house Mr. Crain (Tex.) introduced a bill to place on the free list all products controlled by trusts. The anti-option bill was further considered.

In the senate the income tax feature of the tariff bill was discussed on the 21st. Senator Hill (N. Y.) speaking against the measure in vigorous terms....In the house several bills and resolutions were passed and the anti option bill was further considered.

On the 22d bills were passed in the senate to incorporate the supreme lodge of the Knights of Pythias and making the first Monday in September of each year (Labor day) a legal holiday. The tariff bill was discussed....In the house the anti-option bill was passed by a vote of 149 to 87 and the general deficiency appropriation bill was taken up.

SEVERAL amendments to the tariff bill offered in the senate on the 23d by Senator Hill looking to a reduction of the limit of taxable incomes were voted down. Senator Allison introduced an amendment to increase the tax on retail liquor dealers from $25 to $50 and on wholesale dealers from $100 to $200, but no action was taken....In the house the deficiency appropriation bill was further discussed.

DOMESTIC.

PORTIONS of New Jersey suffered severely from rain and wind and five persons were killed by lightning.

THE American Railway union by a vote of 112 to 100 excluded colored men from membership. Chicago was selected as the union's headquarters.

A CYCLONE near Bangor, S. D., demolished fourteen houses and killed the little child of John Samfelt.

THE wife and child of William Bender were drowned near Brookville, Ind. A cloudburst carried away a bridge on which they were standing.

CARRIER pigeons made the distance between Milan, Mo., and Chicago (310 miles) in three hours.

MORE than 2,000 men were engaged in the ore miners' strike in Michigan and the movement was constantly growing.

FIFTY men were imprisoned in a burning mine at Lewisburg, Ala., and four of them were suffocated.

THE gold reserve in the treasury at Washington was down to $64,703 047, the lowest in its history.

ARRESTED for an old murder, Rev. R. R. Swartzbar, Livingston's African interpreter, cut his throat in a Cincinnati prison.

ERASTUS WIMAN, convicted of forgery in New York, was sentenced to a term of five years and six months in Sing Sing.

FOURTEEN houses were struck by lightning during a storm at Brazil, Ind., and several persons were badly injured.

THE Eckington hotel in the suburbs of Washington, the temporary home of many congressmen, was totally destroyed by fire, the loss being $100,000.

A BAND of white caps, composed of the leading farmers of Mason county, W. Va., captured Archie, Bert and Wilbur Haines, three colored desperadoes who had been terrorizing that vicinity, and strung them up to a tree.

CLARA NEWTON and Maude Madison, each aged 17 and of prominent families, were drowned in the river at Anoka, Minn., while bathing.

DUDLEY FOSTER, aged 17 years, who had the reputation of being the smallest man in the world, being 20 inches tall and weighing twenty pounds, died at Bridgetown, N. S.

EIGHT men were indicted at Brazil, Ind., for the murder of Engineer Barr during the miners' strike.

E. C. KNAFFE, bookkeeper of the Chicopee national bank at Springfield, Mass., confessed to embezzling $25,000.

MRS. JOHN NELSON and Mrs. William Paasta took their own lives at Plymouth, Wis. No cause was known.

THE Black Hills national bank of Rapid City, S. D., closed its doors.

THE twenty-fifth annual reunion of the Army of the Potomac was held at Concord, N. H., and Gen. A. S. Webb, of New York, was elected president.

A CYCLONE swept over the country a mile west of Booneville, Mo., unroofing houses, blowing down trees and fences and causing great damage to crops.

COLGATE university celebrated its seventy-fifth annual commencement at Utica, N. Y.

DR. GUSTAVUS DROLSHAGEN and his wife were murdered by an assassin who entered their home at Lawtry, Fla., while they were sleeping and crushed their skulls with an ax.

EXTENSIVE floods were raging in New Mexico and western Texas, doing immense damage.

WILLIAM WHALEY (colored) was hanged in the penitentiary at Columbus, O., for the murder of Allan Wilson in Greene county.

VIOLENT storms swept over Iowa, Minnesota and portions of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, doing much damage. Six persons were killed by lightning.

THOMAS KANE, the rejected lover of Mamie Quigley, of Philadelphia, killed her and then committed suicide.

THE wife and three children of Benito Garcia were drowned near Brownsville, Tex., by the upsetting of a boat.

THE exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 22d aggregated $847,972,101, against $852,862,097, the previous week. The decrease, compared with the corresponding week in 1893, was 18.0.

ONE of Armour & Co.'s warehouses at the stock yards in Chicago was burned, the loss being $100,000.

THERE were 214 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 22d, against 222 the week previous and 273 in the corresponding time in 1893.

HARRY and Frank Rice, 10-year-old twins, were drowned in Hoover's lake near Lima, O.

HENRY CAPTS, a negro who attempted to assault three young ladies at Magnolia, Ark., was swung to a limb by a mob and his body riddled with bullets.

THE supreme court at Columbus, O., declared the cigarette tax law constitutional.

TILLIE and Fanny Levy, aged 16 and 14 years respectively, were given tickets from Chicago to New York, three dollars in money and started to Russia by their father.

DUN'S review of trade says merchants are disappointed that the end of the strikes has not brought better business.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, aged 16, was drowned at McCausland, Ia., and William Triton, while trying to save him, also lost his life.

UNION stockyards officials at Sioux City, are accused of stealing $900,000 by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Trust company.

DURING the past fiscal year the value of bullion coined at Denver was $3,240,000, of which $3,220,000 was gold, the remainder being silver. This is a gain over the fiscal year of 1893 of $1,830,000.

THE Commercial Travelers' Protective association in session at Milwaukee elected John A. Lee, of St. Louis, as president.

PULLMAN cars will be boycotted by the American Railway union, beginning June 26, unless a compromise is effected in the Chicago strike.

MRS. LIZZIE HALLIDAY, convicted of the murder of Mrs. McQuillan in Monticello, N. Y., was sentenced to death by electricity early in August.

REV. CHARLES WARNKESSLE, of Shamokin, Pa., committed suicide, and at the same hour his nephew was killed by a train of cars.

GRADUATES of the Nebraska state blind institute refuse to leave the asylum, claiming they are entitled to maintenance.

GREAT damage was done by an overflow of the Arkansas river, and Wichita, Kan., was almost under water.

THE percentages of the baseball clubs in the national league for the week ended on the 23d were: Baltimore, .739; Boston, .654; Pittsburgh, .608; Brooklyn, .604; Philadelphia, .590; Cleveland, .557; New York, .540; St. Louis, .442; Cincinnati, .385; Chicago, .320; Washington, 314; Louisville, .240.

FREDERICK BAHR, of New Brunswick, N. J., killed his wife and then himself. He is believed to have been insane.

FOUR little boys were drowned while bathing in the Delaware river at Camden, N. J.

REY EL SANTA ANITA, owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, of San Francisco, won the eleventh American Derby at Washington park in Chicago in 2:36 in the presence of 40,000 people, with Senator Grady second, Despot third and Domino ninth.

OFF Bay Ridge, N. Y., a yacht capsized and five persons lost their lives. A 2-year-old girl was the only survivor.

AT Frog's Crossing, Ky., J. P. Maddox and Mrs. Lewis Maddox and her two children were killed by a railroad train.

AN electric launch was caught in a squall on Lake St. Clair, near Detroit, and capsized, and three persons were drowned.

ADJT. GEN. TARSNEY, of Colorado, was kidnaped from his hotel by masked men and given a coat of tar and feathers. The governor offered $1,000 reward for arrest and conviction of the participants.

IN a storm at Brazil, Ind., the tower of the city hall was blown down, the bell completely wrecking the building.

MRS. JOHN FREEZE, living near Joliet, Ill., gave birth to quadruplets—two girls and two boys.

THREATENED with starvation, the Coxeyites determined to break camp at Washington and after marching to New York to give Wall street an object lesson the army will return to Massillon, O.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

CONGRESSIONAL nominations were made as follows: Illinois, Twenty-first district, Edward J. Murphy (rep.). Ohio, Ninth district, J. H. Southard (rep.). Georgia, Eleventh district, H. G. Turner (dem.). Kentucky, Fifth district, Walter Evans (rep.). Texas, Fifth district, Rev. U. M. Browder (pop.)

THE Michigan republicans will hold their state convention at Grand Rapids on July 31.

FORTY-FIVE passengers were drowned by the sinking of a boat on the River Jek in Russia.

THE following congressional nominations were made: California, Second district, G. L. Johnson (rep.); Third, S. G. Hilborn (rep.); Sixth, James McLuckin (rep.). Texas, Seventh district, Isaac N. Barber (pop.); Thirteenth, D. B Gilliland (pop.). Indiana, Thirteenth district, J. W. Forrest (pop.). Ohio, Eleventh district, L. J. Fenton (rep.) renominated; Nineteenth, S. A. Northway (rep.) renominated. Iowa, Eleventh district, George D. Perkins (rep.) renominated.

BISHOP W. PERKINS died suddenly in Washington, aged 83 years. Mr. Perkins was a member of the Forty-eight, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first congresses, and on January 1, 1892, was appointed United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Preston B. Plumb.

IN convention at Montpelier the Vermont republicans nominated G. A. Woodbury for governor.

MORRIS M. ESTEE, of Napa, was nominated for governor by the republicans in convention at Sacramento, Cal. The platform indorses the McKinley tariff, denounces the repeal of the federal election law and the administration's Hawaiian policy, condemns the Wilson bill as a sectional measure and a corrupt surrender to trusts, and favors the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

CYRUS P. LELAND, auditor of the Lake Shore railroad and associated with the line for thirty-four years, died at his home in Cleveland.

CONGRESSIONAL nominations were made as follows: Illinois, Twentieth district, J. R. Williams (dem.) renominated; Twentieth, Orlando Burrell (rep.). Indiana, Eleventh district, A. M. Benson (pop.); Twelfth, J. E. Graham (pro.). Ohio, Fourteenth district, W. S. Kerr (rep.); Fifteenth, H. C. Van Voorhis (rep.) renominated. Iowa, Seventh district, J. H. Barcroft (industrial.)

JOHN F. DEZENDORFF, ex-member of congress from Norfolk, Va., died at his home there, aged 60 years.

IN convention at Waco the Texas populists nominated a state ticket with Judge Nugent for governor.

ALFRED P. BURBANK, the lecturer and reciter, died at his home in New York of consumption, aged 45 years.

GEORGE P. A. HEALY, one of the greatest portrait painters of the century, died at his home in Chicago, aged 81 years.

GEN. WILLIAM F. WHEELER, who located the first line of telegraph in Minnesota and was a pioneer railroad builder, died in Helena, Mont.

J. FRANK ALDRICH was renominated for congress by the republicans of the First Illinois district.

ROBERT TUCKER, the oldest negro in Indian territory, died at the age of 113 years.

COL. S. H. BOYD, ex-minister to Siam and ex-congressman, died at a fishing resort near Springfield, Mo., where he had gone for his health.

FOREIGN.

DROUGHT in the province of Eutro Rios, Argentina, has killed 200,000 head of cattle, 150,000 sheep and 20,000 horses, the whole being valued at $3,000,000.

THE schooner Rose was sunk in a collision with an iceberg off the Newfoundland coast and twelve of her crew were drowned.

THE sealing schooner Unga foundered off the Japan coast during a storm, its crew of ten men perishing.

THE damage by floods in Hungary amounts to 60,000,000 florins. Many of the largest estates in the kingdom were devastated and thousands of houses destroyed.

FIRE in London destroyed a number of factories and other buildings, the total loss being $1,000,000.

ARTHUR ZIMMERMAN, the American rider, won the international bicycle race at Florence, Italy. Harry Wheeler, the other American rider, was second.

EARTHQUAKES in Japan killed many natives at Yokohama and Tokio and destroyed much property.

IN a battle between Spanish troops and Mussulmans on one of the Philippine islands 100 of the latter were killed.

BY an explosion in a colliery near Port-y-Pridd, Wales, 250 miners lost their lives.

A SON was born to the duchess of York, wife of Prince George of Wales, the heir presumptive to the British throne.

MARIETTA ALBANI, the greatest contralto singer of the century, died in Paris. She was the wife of Count Pepolo.

M. SADI-CARNOT, president of France, was stabbed by Cesare Giovanni Santo, a young Italian anarchist, while in his carriage on the way to a Lyons theater and died soon after. The president was visiting Lyons in connection with the international exhibition. The assassin would give no reason for the deed.

LATER.

AT St. Joseph, Mo., the Missouri river is eating away the banks at the foot of business streets. Since the night of the 23d, forty feet have been taken from the foot of Jule street.

ALBERT PARSONS, of Dundas, Minn., fell or jumped from a Chicago & Great Western train near Oelwein, Io., the 25th, receiving injuries from which he died soon after.

THE employes of the Pullman Sleeping Car company at Ludlow, Ky., and at St. Louis, Mo., struck the 25th. The strikers number 565 men and 20 women.

EMMA JUCH, the prima donna, and Francis L. Wellman, assistant district attorney of New York, were married in New York the 25th.

THE evening of the 25th a cyclone struck the village of Keighley, Kas., and nearly wiped the little town off the earth. Ed Thornton was crushed to death in a stable. Two general stores, the largest buildings in the village, were crushed like eggshells. A freight train was standing on the sidetrack at the time, and six cars were lifted up and turned upside down. The wreck standing on the track piled up 30 feet high.

A FEMALE crank named Louisa Hudson invaded the home of ex-President Harrison at Indianapolis, the 25th. She wanted to recover a lost fortune.

THE residence of Harvey Deacons, Whitehall, Mich., was burned the night of the 25th. His aged mother was badly injured and his 18-month-old daughter was fatally burned.

AFTER a 10-days' spree, Joseph Misterman, an aged German of Chicago, wound up his orgy the 25th by stabbing his wife in the abdomen. After attempting the lives of two men he stabbed himself in the bowels. Both Misterman and wife are fatally injured.

MRS. CARRIE REED, a pretty brunette, 24 years of age, was shot and killed in Chicago the 25th by an unknown man, who immediately turned the pistol upon himself with fatal results.

THE populists of Montana the 25th nominated D. B. Smith for congress.

A GANG of counterfeiters were arrested in Northern Wisconsin the 25th by United States Marshal F. W. Oakley. Two were gathered in at Washburn and gave their names as John Tossey and Joseph White. A large amount of bogus coins, dollars and half dollars, were found on their persons. Deputy Sheriff Gerhardt brouget up Don Prue and Dan Lions from Glidden on a charge of counterfeiting.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Tremendous Explosion of Powder.

Four hundred kegs of powder exploded at Platteville, Green county. The machinery from the cylinder mill of the Laflin & Rand company was blown through the pulverizing mill and the roof carried to a point half a mile away and left in the tops of trees. The employes left the mill just in time. The explosion made the earth shake. Within forty years there have been five such explosions. The report of the explosion was heard at Mineral Point, 20 miles away.

Decided in Favor of the Company.

Judge Bailey decided at Eau Claire the famous case of Otto Neitge et al. versus the state of Wisconsin, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway company, et al., in favor of the railroad company. The ground of the decision was the negligence of the elder Neitge, the original claimant, now dead, who neglected to properly assert his claim. The case involved the title to the site of the village of Deer Park, St. Croix county.

Took a Fast Train.

Gen. "Jumbo" Caldwell's commonweal army captured a fast stock train on the St. Paul road at La Crosse and went through to Milwaukee. The army numbered 190, but forty were left at La Crosse. The wealers were not demonstrative, but were determined to ride and overcame the train crew by sheer force of numbers. The conductors notified the officers of the situation and received orders to carry the army to Milwaukee.

Big Blaze at Chippewa Falls.

Fire early in the morning at Chippewa Falls destroyed Legos' livery stable with four horses and all the harness and carriages; loss, $20,000, insurance, $6,000; Crowell's shoe store building, loss, $7,000, insurance, $2,000; part of Strong's grocery house and Taylor's printing office. Total losses aggregate $30,000. Four firemen were severely injured by a falling cornice.

Masonic Grand Lodge.

The annual meeting in Milwaukee of the Masonic grand lodge closed with the election of the following officers:

Grand master, H. W. Sawyer, of Hartford deputy grand master, W. W. Parry, of Eagle; grand senior Warden, H. D. Fisher, of Florence; grand junior warden, John Grimshaw, of Elroy; grand treasurer, F. L. von Suessmilch of Delavan; grand secretary, J. W. Laflin, of Milwaukee.

Federation of Labor.

The second annual convention of the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor was held at Oshkosh, and the following officers were elected:

State organizer—F. J. Weber, Milwaukee; secretary and treasurer, John E. Roth, Oshkosh; executive board, Dr. H. F. Hitson, Charles Schell, Oshkosh; Jacob Hanger, James Flint, Herman Obrecht, Milwaukee.

A Murder Was Committed.

A coroner's inquest in the case of Howard Mosher, who was shot in bed at his home in Janesville, was held and the verdict of the jury was that Mosher came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound inflicted by some person other than himself and to the jury unknown.

A Powder Mill Wrecked.

The powder mill of Laflin & Rand, one mile from Platteville, containing more than 400 kegs of powder, exploded. The employes had just left the premises, and no one, so far as known, is hurt. The roof was carried a quarter of a mile and left in sections on the tops of trees.

Found His Bright, Particular Star.

Dr. George C. Comstock, astronomer of the University of Wisconsin and director of Washburn observatory, was married in Madison to Miss Esther Cecille Everette. The ceremony occurred in Christ Presbyterian church A honeymoon in Europe follows.

The News Condensed.

John Wight, foreman, was mangled to death by machinery in the Empire lumber mill at Eau Claire.

Tramps attempted to wreck a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passenger train 3 miles north of Janesville, but the engineer saw the obstruction when 50 rods away and stopped the train.

Seymour Gilbert, an odd fellow and G. A. R. man, died at Horicon.

At a mass meeting at Beloit it was decided to build a $12,000 addition to the high school.

Albert Eilmann, who escaped from the jail at Milwaukee, gave himself up after twenty-four hours' freedom, being without funds.

Because City Attorney Hamilton, of Milwaukee, refused Reporter Kerr a piece of news which he gave another, he was soundly thrashed.

Gottlieb Rarscher, of Menomonee Falls, was drowned while trying to swim a pond on horseback.

John Pepper, a well-known stock buyer and a resident of Boscobel for forty years, died at the age of 60 years.

George Forsythe, a saloonkeeper at Green Bay, 50 years of age, was arrested for criminally assaulting a 10-year-old daughter of Frank Bassett.

During a storm Jennie Riley, whose home is at Janesville, was struck by lighting and instantly killed at Stony Point, Ill.

Mrs. Iver Larson, living 8 miles from La Crosse, while insane, threw her children into a creek and jumped in herself. A 2-weeks'-old baby was drowned.

The Paul Paper company's warehouses at Menasha was burned. Loss, $12,000.

The Wisconsin Total Abstinence union will hold its twenty-third annual convention at Ashland, July 11 and 12.

A 10-year-old daughter of Duke Bonnington, of Sparta, was fatally shot by one Waits, who was removing cartridges from a revolver.

Sheriff McKay, of Richland Center, arrested Thornton Smith, who is charged with making the counterfeit money which Mr. and Mrs. John Dillie are accused of passing.

A NEW FACTOR.

Favorable to Northwestern Business Interests.—Every Business Will Profit Thereby.

The work of the Northwestern Home Trade Association promises to develop a new factor favorable to Northwestern business interests. This factor is that of loyalty on the part of the consumers to Northwestern manufactured products. Many papers abroad have purposely greatly distorted the object of this association, claiming it was to compel citizens of the Northwest to buy goods at home. To credit representative Northwestern business men with an attempt to organize an association to coerce Northwestern consumers into purchasing Northwestern products, is an insult to the judgment of the men who have endorsed this movement. So absurd a charge on the part of Eastern papers merits no denial from the men who are promoting this association. Commenting on the home patronage movement in the Northwest, the New York Mail & Express says: "This movement will be a failure because conditions prevail which prevent any one section from producing all it needs." The object of this association as set forth in the articles of organization reads: "The object of this association shall be to promote loyalty on the part of Northwestern people to Northwestern manufactured products and a sentiment in favor of buying all classes of merchandise from home merchants and dealers." There is nothing in this which intimates that it is contemplated that the Northwest shall manufacture all that it needs, nor indeed that as a result of this movement new factories shall be built. The tendency on the part of all cities is to offer inducements to new manufacturing concerns to locate with them, and in nearly every Northwestern city are one or more business organizations which work to that end. As soon, however, as the factory is secured, all further responsibility ceases, and although the individuals who worked hardest to secure the manufacturing plant may buy similar goods to those made by the new concern, they seem to forget they have any responsibility in keeping the new concern alive and continue to purchase from the remote cities as was their practice; yet this indifference is not so strange when one remembers that the merchant might find it harder to push the new line and make sales. The correction of this practice will not come from him but from his customers, the consumers. To illustrate: A city which has half a hundred manufacturing concerns induces the location of another, perhaps in a line not before represented, say a shoe factory. This factory brings fifty hands who expect to pay rent, buy food and clothes, pay taxes and assist in sustaining schools and other public institutions. There is, however, but one way they will be able to fulfill these expectations and that is by making shoes which some one must wear. If the workmen then in the other factories do not buy their product, how will they, the shoe workmen, be able to buy theirs? It is for the other consumer to watch his own interests by placing in the hands of the shoe workman, who is also a consumer, the means to buy his product instead of sending his money to some workmen a thousand miles away who certainly would not return it to him by purchasing his product. So it is for the consumer to insist that the dealer carries in stock the product of the factories at home. If the consumer is willing to take goods made abroad it is not strange that the retailer buys those goods which sell most easily. The agitation of the matter by the association has already been felt in various ways. The indifference of the past is giving away to a deeper thought on the subject and where it is possible to buy at home without injustice to the buyer, such a purpose is already seen in many cases. The association is now working on a label which may be used on the goods of any manufacturer who is a member of the association and thus a manufacturer can mark his goods with a sign which will be unmistakable as a Northwestern product. The interest in the work of the association is not limited to the Twin Cities, but is a broad Northwestern movement and already several cities have expressed a purpose of organizing branch associations as provided in the articles of organization. The secretaries Geo. W. Parker, of Minneapolis, and E. S. Warner, of St. Paul, are actively engaged in soliciting membership and already nearly 100 members have been enrolled. As rapidly as possible the work will be be pushed into outside towns and it is believed that the movement will everywhere be met with encouragement and co-operation of all Northwestern people.

CURRENT TOPICS.

IN 1887 there were 30,030 inquests held in England and Wales.

THE most densely populated spot on earth is the Island of Malta.

THERE are estimated to be 1,000,000 Germans in the United States.

RUSSIA has 180,000 blind persons within the limits of the Empire.

DIAMONDS so small that 1,500 go to the carat have been cut in Holland.

IRELAND has the least proportion of criminals to the million of population, 950.

HANGING in chains was abolished, with many other cruel punishments, in 1834.

ONE species of black spider is afflicted with a sort of constitutional hydrophobia. When touched with a drop of water it will go into a fit.

AN Illinois man has been sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary for having bad intentions. He was armed with a knife, with which he was about to slay his wife when intercepted and restrained.

SEVERAL wagon loads of gold and silver plate were used at the recent state concert at Buckingham palace. On the walls were placed a number of gold shields which were purchased by George IV and which were mounted on crimson stands.

PROVERBS.

TIME and beauty will never wed.

DON'T bet is the only straight tip.

BEAUTY is apt to love only its mirror.

NO MAN is wise enough to answer a child.

IT takes a fortune to feed one race horse.

DON'T let your grist sprout in going to mill.

IT is a bad thing to have credit at the faro bank.

MANY a man rides to a race track and walks back.

Chronic Indigestion

Kept me in very poor health for five years. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my digestion was helped by the first three doses. I have now taken over four bottles and I firmly believe it has cured me, and also saved my life. MRS. R. E. PRINCE, Bashville, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

THE DETROIT LAKES

On the Main Line of the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD in Minnesota, form one of the most delightful Summer resorts in the Northwest. Fishing, bathing, boating are all at hand.

A chain of beautiful lakes connected by a lovely river, navigated by pleasure steamers, with good boarding and hotel accommodations at reasonable rates.

Send to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., 6 cents in stamps for INDIANLAND AND WONDERLAND, which tells about Detroit and vicinity.

BIG FOUR ROUTE

TO ALL POINTS

SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST.

HOT SPRINGS, Va.

WHITE SULPHUR.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BEST LINE TO CINCINNATI.

—ASK FOR TICKETS VIA—

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager,

D. B. MARTIN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

CINCINNATI, O.

TAKE A REST —GO EAST

GO VIA THE LAKE SHORE ROUTE

AMERICA'S BEST RAILWAY.

VISIT SOME of the DELIGHTFUL MOUNTAIN, LAKE or SEA SHORE RESORTS of the EAST, A FULL LIST of WHICH WITH ROUTES AND RATES WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

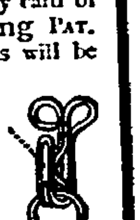
SEND 10c. IN STAMPS or silver for Beautiful Litho-Water Color View of the "FAMOUS EXPOSITION FLYER," the fastest long distance train ever run.

C. K. WILBER, West. P. A., CHICAGO.

On the face and back of every card of genuine De Long Pat. Hooks and Eyes will be found the words:

See that

hump?



Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

$85.00 Waverley

28 in. Scorcher, 25 lbs. Fitted with G. & J. clincher pneumatic tire. Warranted equal to any bicycle built, regardless of price. Catalogue free. Agents wanted in every town. Indiana Bicycle Co., No. 10 Z St., Indianapolis, Ind.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 27, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

A MINER'S LUCK-PENNY.

The Romance of a Daughter of the Australian Mines.

1872.

It is Saturday night on an Australian gold field. The bar of the "Jolly Diggers" is crowded.

News has gone abroad that "Dog" Kellarey has broken out again, and as he always takes care to have his little bouts remembered a crowd soon collects.

On this particular Saturday he has set himself to try conclusions with "Kangaroo Jack" of the Midas claim. It is a gorgeous struggle—even old "Wall-Eyed Bill," who is exacting in such matters, is compelled to admit that. They fight anyhow and everywhere, under tables and under chairs—while the lamps flare, the dogs bark and the crowd expresses its admiration in language full of picturesque detail.

"Kangaroo Jack" tires after the twenty-sixth round, and his friends carry him to his tent minus one eye and plus concussion of the brain.

Then, when "Dog" Kellarey counts his broken fingers, every one suddenly remembers the unguarded state of his tent and vanishes into the darkness, not to reappear until the sound of the coach horn is heard on Portagee hill.

The arrival of the weekly coach, bearing her majesty's mails, is an occasion of great importance, and ranks ever before new finds or Warden's decisions.

About eleven o'clock the coach creaks and groans up the street, to pull up before the flaming lights of the "Jolly Diggers." It is a curious, lumbering old construction, riding on leather springs and drawn by five strong horses—a sort of badly brought-up cross between an antique mourning coach and a dilapidated Indian ghari.

The driver, to whom is intrusted the lives and hereafters of the half-dozen passengers, travels the two hundred and forty miles between the gold fields and civilization twice weekly, and is always preternaturally thirsty. Custom, however, forbids his leaving the box before he has seen his horses unharnessed and led away and exchanged the usual pleasantries with his own particular admirers. When in due time he does descend, passengers, diggers, loafers and dogs escort him into the hotel and in half an hour the excitement is over.

On this occasion, however, it is destined to last longer; "Dog" Kellarey, advancing, invites the driver to take refreshment.

After complying with the request, that individual gets out to the vehicle, to return with a bundle. Then, unwrapping the shawls, he places on the table a baby girl. She cannot be more than two years old, and is fast asleep, her little head and its pretty curls pillowed on one tiny arm.

Every one presses round to look, with the exception of "Dog" Kellarey, who has no curiosity in the matter of babies. Then questions pour in thick and fast: "Whose is it?" "Where'd ye get the kiddy, matey?" "Whose youngster is it, Bill?" etc.

Any other man would be bewildered—not so Bill Burns. He says slowly and solemnly, as if aware of his unique importance: "For 'Dog' Kellarey!"

"What!" shouts that gentleman, "that's a lie, you Bill! Who says the kid's for me?"

"I do!" replies the driver. "Poll Waites of Wild Dog shoved it aboard, aloud with its duds, for yer. The little 'un's father pegged out on Saturday—'Flash Dick' of Wild Dog creek. 'Is last words was: 'Sen' the kid to my old mate "Dog" Kellarey;' an' so I fetched it along, and the passengers made up the fare among 'em, so there's nothin' to pay—there!"

"Old Dick perged out!" the "Dog" mumbles slowly—"old Dick pegged out an' sent 'is kid to me!"

The crowd is so tickled with the idea that it ventures upon a laugh.

The laugh decides him, and, stepping up alongside the sleeping child, he sings out: "The kid's mine, an' the man as laughs agin' 'er laughs agin' me. Now let's see 'im as is game to grin!"

He has evidently gone home, for no one answers.

Sunday morning, and "Dog" Kellarey's claim is the center of attraction. The little arrival of the previous night plays about his tent door. The "Dog," fearing harm to her from his crowd of visitors, carefully defines his boundary, and threatens dire penalties on the head of any man who crosses it.

News, news!—great and glorious news!

News which runs like wildfire through the Field, which flies from tent to tent—from the police cell on the hill to Dutch Joe's across the flat, past the Eureka, down to the Daydawn—never stopping until everyone has heard it.

"'Dog' Kellarey's proverbial bad luck has turned at last—he has bottomed on the Lead, the new claim has turned up trumps with a vengeance."

It is full of gold—specks, specimens and nuggets. Not nuggets as small as peas, but large as teacups. Not here and there, but in a big deep lead, a fortune at every drive of the pick.

The Luck-penny, who has been sleeping in the shadow of the tent, watches and chuckles at a piece of glittering mica. In his excitement the "Dog" sings out:

"Boys! 'tis 'er 'as done it; there's the lass that brought me luck!"

Three p. m. More excitement!

A nugget weighing fifty pounds. The monster of the Field, a wonder of the country, and a fortune to its finder.

Picks and shovels are thrown down, the roar of cradles and sluice-boxes stops as if by magic, and the excited crowd starts at a run for the claim.

On their arrival "Dog" Kellarey says nothing, but for the second time he carefully points out his boundary. He places his revolver on the cradle, ready to his hand, and, bless you! the crowd understands what he means by that.

The Luck-penny sucks her thumb and crows contentedly; womanlike, she knows she is the center of attraction.

When the last visitor has departed the "Dog" picks her up, and says, emphatically:

"Kinenin! It's you as brought the luck to the old man. Now, look here, three parts of that claim belongs to you, it does!"

And he meant it.

1892.

A bright, fresh morning, with a few white clouds scattered about the heavens, the better to enhance the blueness of the sky beyond. A happy spring breeze dashing round corners, and playing the very mischief with silk hats and dainty skirts, whistling through telegraph wires, and covering the harbor with a coating of continuous white foam. A morning on which to feel thankful for existence.

It is easily seen that something unusual is affecting the inhabitants of Potts Point, that fashionable suburb of luxurious Sydney.

At St. Mary's church door I find a large crowd assembled, representing all ranks of society, and, for the first time, obtained some dim idea of the event I am about to witness. In order to make doubly sure I question an ancient lady, whose dress suggests connection with some charitable institution.

At first she seems inclined to treat my thirst for information with contempt, but finally a desire for gossip overcomes her reticence, and she condescends to tell me all in one breath that "This 'ere is to be the weddin' o' Miss Athelwood; not but that 'er name ain't Athelwood, but Kellarey. 'Er as 'elp'd the almsouses down the street—which times bein' bad an' a lone widder as 'ad no 'usband an' whose son is doin' 'is last stretch, bein' as innocent as a babe unborn. An' rheumatiz' bein' that bad, she would curse, only she wouldn't. And Miss O'Sullivan, as lives in No. 9, said as 'ow Miss Athelwood was worth well-nigh 'alf million of money if she was worth a penny—not but that she shouldn't be, seein' as 'ow she had been born on the gold diggin's, and every one knowed them was good times. And a prettier and better lady never stepped, beggin' 'er pardon for sayin' so."

The old woman, once started, was hard to stop. But I was interested in Miss Athelwood, so ventured an inquiry as to her parentage.

"Ah! well may yer say that; not but what yer mightn't understand, seein' as 'ow ye're a stranger in these parts. The poor young dear never 'ad no father to know but Mr. Athelwood, the lawyer. I 'eard tell she were just fetched up from them gold fields by a feller called Kellarey—a miner chap, who give her to Mr. Athelwood along of a fortune which 'e said was 'ers. That's twenty year or more now—the same year as my good man was took by the perlice fer the Orange bush-rangin' case, an' 'im not never so much as 'arin' a 'alfpenny of the money, but—"

I stopped the dear old lady's family history by asking whom Miss Athelwood was about to marry. As I put the question an old and villainously dirty swagman placed his roll of blankets down at the church door and pushed his way toward us.

"In beggin' yer pardon," my lady went on, "Miss Athelwood's a-goin' to marry, as it's not in my mind to remember—a duke or a heard, but I can't say which on 'em. Haide-de-camp to the governor, they do say 'e is. But look! look, 'ere they comes!"

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the church door and set down its load of fashionables. Then, amidst continuous cheering, Mr. and Miss Athelwood arrived. She looked surprisingly beautiful, and I noticed that the old swagman was so overcome with astonishment that he kept his eyes staring at the door long after she had passed through it and we had rushed into the church to see the ceremony.

My whole attention was devoted to watching the bride. I could not drive her romance out of my head. She went up the aisle a homeless girl, the product of a gold field, and returned to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a countess and a member of one of the oldest families in Europe.

After all the carriages had rolled away and I was turning to go the old swagman touched my arm, saying:

"Mister! I'm a-goin' to get yer to do me a favor!"

Asking him what it was, he replied:

"Let's go somewhere out of this, where we're alone, an' I'll tell yer!"

When we had adjourned to a more fitting place my companion spoke.

"I guess you'd call me a liar if I told you that I was the man as brought up that girl as we're just see married? But I am—I'm 'Dog' Kellarey, sure enough, 'im as give 'er into Lawyer Athelwood's 'ands twenty years ago, with 'er share of the mine that panned out so rich."

"Why don't you go to her, then? I hear she's been hunting high and low for you?"

"That's just it; I know she has. But d'yer think I'm a-goin' into the company o' the likes o' 'er friends? Not me! I'd be makin' a' fool o' the girl, and she'd be ashamed o' 'erself. No! I've tramped close on four hundred miles to see her married, and now I'm a-goin' back into the bush to-night for good. I want you to write this 'ere in a letter for me—it ain't much. Say: 'From "Dog" Kellarey to 'is Luck-penny on 'er weddin' day,' and put in the corner, 'I ain't forgot yer, mind!'"

I wrote as he directed, and inclosed—what do you think? A baby's little woolen shoe! The old man had kept this relic as his most sacred treasure for nearly twenty years.—Guy Boothby, in Pall Mall Magazine.

—"Does your artist friend paint portraits true to life?" "He did at first, but he has learned better." "Indeed?" "Yes. The first two or three commissions he executed were so true to life that the sitters refused to take the pictures."—Tid-Bits.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

Free-Trade Democrats Working in the Interests of Trusts.

The American people are practically interested in everything relating to the cost and the consumption of sugar. It enters directly into the domestic economy of every family. The increase or decrease of one or two cents in a pound is felt immediately from one end to another of this broad land.

It has been our misfortune that we have been almost entirely dependent for this staple of life upon the importations from foreign countries. In case of war, quarantine or other unforeseen disasters, a diminution of the supply would cause scarcity, increase prices here and bring much suffering. Because of this fact our wisest statesmen have long sought by all proper means to foster its production, more especially in Louisiana. Unfortunately, however, it has been found impossible to raise it there in competition with the coolie and slave labor of Cuba and other countries.

Within recent years experiments have shown that sugar could be made from sorghum cane, and a considerable industry has been developed in Kansas and other western states where farmers have produced large quantities of this article. More recently still the development of the beet root sugar industry has been fostered in nearly every state between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Various states have passed laws facilitating this work; extensive plants for the manufacture of sugar have been erected and farmers throughout this area have suddenly found themselves favored with a good and cash market for a large and very important crop.

The McKinley bill recognized all these conditions and at the same time gave full weight to the fact that *sugar must be free*. To be sure, sugar is used by the rich, but an increased price caused by duties would not be so generally felt by them as by the middle and poorer classes. The problem was to make sugar cheap and keep it cheap, and, at the same time, foster cane, sorghum and beet root products, with a view to making us, partially at least, independent of foreign countries, and give our farmers an additional crop and product.

The success of this plan has been notorious. Louisiana, for the first time in fifty years, has become prosperous; all through Kansas and the northwest, and even California, large acreages have been planted in sorghum and beet root, more especially the latter, and we are on the high way to realizing the prophecy of a recent English visitor, to the effect that "if the United States continue their method of free imports and bounties, they will, within ten years, produce in their own domain all, or nearly all, the sugar they require."

The cost of the bounty paid on sugar in the past year was less than ten millions of dollars. By its aid we have fostered the sugar industry within our borders, and given it an impetus which will steadily increase if the present legislation be retained.

By the Wilson-Voorhees bill, while it is difficult to say exactly how far they have yielded to the sugar trust, it is safe to say that duties amounting to nearly fifty millions per annum will be imposed upon this article of prime necessity. This will not only increase the price to the amount of eighty cents per annum to every man, woman and child in the United States, but it will also wipe out all our domestic industries in this line and render us, in the future, entirely dependent on our importations.

We have a sugar trust already sufficiently powerful to dictate to the democratic committee in the senate and shape legislation on this bill to suit their purposes. If this bill passes they will not only be able to manipulate in New York but also through their foreign connections to absolutely control the output from Cuba and Germany.

It is an admitted fact that this sugar trust of New York city importers, half of whom are foreigners and all of whom are free trade democrats, have already secured control of the entire sugar product of Cuba, Porto Rico and Brazil for the next two years and of one-half at least of the German export. They have already in bond in New York more than 300,000 tons, to be entered free under present law, then be refined and sold at an increase of price because, *for the future*, democratic free trade and sugar trusts will impose a duty of about one cent per pound. The trust will "clean up" just $6,000,000 by this deal alone, all of which will come out of the dear people.

As sugar is a vital article of domestic economy all this legislation is a matter deserving most careful consideration by the American people.

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY IN A SWEET MESS.—N. Y. Herald (Ind.)

DRIFT OF OPINION.

☞ This seems to be a government of the trusts, for the trusts, and by the trusts.—Boston Journal.

☞ The deficit in the federal treasury is a fair gauge of the deficit in democratic statesmanship.—N. Y. Press.

☞ The "cuckoo" newspapers are fond of saying that "the Hawaiian incident is closed." Perhaps it is. But the account with Mr. Cleveland is not.—N. Y. Advertiser.

☞ Cleveland is quoted as saying that he wants to leave the democratic party better than he found it, but he will find himself obliged to let bad enough alone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞ In intrusting the democratic party with power the country merely committed an error of judgment. If it should repeat the folly within the next twenty years it would be guilty of a crime.—Kansas City Journal.

☞ The democratic campaign banners in 1892 read: "Vote for Cleveland and get $1.25 a bushel for your wheat." On May 16, 1894, the price of wheat in Chicago was 54⅞ cents a bushel. And that's the way democratic promises usually pan out.—Toledo Blade.

☞ Senator Hoar's characterization of the democratic tariff-smashing bill as a measure representing "a spasm that the people have got over" is one of the best things that has been said in congress during the present session.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

☞ The democratic press is making a great deal of ado trying to prove that their party is not responsible for the lack of funds in the federal treasury, necessitating indorsed instead of cashed warrants for jurors and witnesses in the federal courts.—Iowa State Register.

☞ Now up jumps Senator Dan Voorhees from the Wabash and says he wants all union veterans' pensions raised to twelve dollars per month. What will Hoke Smith and Lochren say to that? But perhaps they know what inspired the Hoosier statesman. Another election is pending.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

☞ Secretary Carlisle refuses to talk about the dwindling gold fund and the necessity for another sale of bonds, but his silence does not prevent the country from understanding the situation, and seeing that the public debt must be increased to meet accumulating democratic deficits.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Trust Tariff.

Mr. Cleveland early in 1892 quoted the eighth commandment against protection, denounced the trusts in unmeasured terms, and consecrated himself and his party to "the people's cause of tariff reform." The Gorman bill is not only steeped in and reeking with protection, which the democracy has condemned as "legalized robbery," but it is preeminently a measure for enriching the trusts. Every other interest is sacrificed that the trusts may have a tariff to their liking. Twenty reciprocity treaties highly beneficial to the export trade are repealed; the price of sugar, one of the largest articles of imported foods, is doubled to the consumer; the promising beet sugar interest in the United States is destroyed, and the only compensations of all these incredible blunders and follies are the fortunes to be made by the sugar refiners. Such also is the outcome of democratic tariff reform all along the line. The trusts triumph and honest industries are ruined. The monopolists are aided in doubling their fortunes and the poor workingman is thrown out of employment. The "people's cause," which Mr. Cleveland two years ago invested with the sanctity of the Mosaic Decalogue, is the profit account of greedy corporations and Wall street speculators.—N. Y. Tribune.

Tariff Delay.

Do sensible men anywhere believe that the democrats want to hurry the tariff bill to completion, when it is affording them such great opportunities for making fortunes? The private secretary of a senator said, a few days ago, that the senator whom he represented had cleared one million dollars by speculating in sugar and whisky since the bill came to the senate. It is an easy matter to shift the conditions of the bill so as to change the price of stocks on exchange in New York, thereby enabling the manipulators here to have the advantage of information in advance of all others. We need not expect the tariff bill to be brought to a final conclusion until those speculatively inclined have made all the money they want, or through fear of exposure concluded to close the matter up.

ALL THROUGH A CHEESE.

The "Just-Too-Sweet-and-Lovely" Outcome of an Oleaginous Romance.

"I know such a sweet little love story! And it all came about just through a horrid old cheese!"

And the bright eyes of the charming and vivacious young woman from Cattaraugus county grew still brighter, and the peach bloom on her cheeks deepened to the blush of the red, red rose.

"It is such a lovely romance, and it all came from the making of a horrid old cheese up in Cattaraugus county. Just to think of anything romantic leading out of cheese-making! It seems ridiculous to think of such a thing. But that is how this romance happened to come about. And it is too lovely!

"You must know that we make a great quantity of cheese in Cattaraugus county. They make a lot of cheese in Chautauqua county, too, and so they do in Allegany county, but our cheese is better than any that is made anywhere else, I am sure. And we make all kinds of cheeses. The best imported cheeses are made in Cattaraugus county—every kind of imported cheese. Of course, a good many imported cheeses are made in Chautauqua and Allegany counties, but, oh my! they are hardly worth thinking of by the side of ours.

"What we most pride ourselves on is English cheese. Such lovely old English dairy cheese as we do make! This doesn't become old English dairy cheese, though, until it is sent to England and then shipped back to this country again. It is the same with our fine French, Swiss, German and other imported cheeses. They are made in Cattaraugus county, but they go over to the places they get their names from so they can be sent back to their native land genuinely imported. But, oh, my! Perhaps I shouldn't tell this! But our cheeses are so awfully good! Especially our English dairy cheese. Why don't you know, our best people up in Cattaraugus county never think of buying our own cheese until it goes to England and is imported to New York. Then they send to New York and buy English cheese, paying a great deal more for it than they could have bought it for right at home. My, yes! We are wrapped up so much in English cheese that we have grown to be quite English, up in Cattaraugus. Quite English.

"Well, of course there must be cheese factories to make all of these cheeses, and a great many girls work in these factories—the sweetest and freshest and prettiest girls! In Cattaraugus county, I mean. Perhaps it is the same in Chautauqua and Allegany, but I never heard of it. You just ought to know how sweet and fresh and pretty these cheese factory girls in Cattaraugus are! Well, once one of them—oh-h-h, my!"

Charming confusion mingled for a moment with the still deeper flush on the face of the vivacious young woman from Cattaraugus county, but only for a moment.

"At least, I have heard people say that she was at that time, but my! she has been married ever so long—nearly six months—and, perhaps they wouldn't say so now! Well, anyhow, this girl—it'll do you no good to ask who she was. You couldn't induce me to tell, not for worlds! This girl worked in one of the cheese factories. In Cattaraugus county, remember. And what do you suppose she did, one day? How ever could she have done it? She actually wrote her name and address on a card, with her age—which was only eighteen—and something about her face and figure. O, it was so silly of her! But it was only for a lark, don't you know? And then—the ridiculous creature!—she wrote on the card, 'No Lover Yet.' O, it was too utterly horrid of her! It makes my face burn for her whenever I think how utterly horrid she must have been."

And the charming young woman's face showed that the utter horridness of the Cattaraugus county cheese factory girl was heavy on her mind just then.

"So, after she had made the card all ready this awful girl placed it simply in a cheese that was to be shipped away with lots and lots of other cheeses, and by and by away it went. Now you mustn't think that because this silly thing wrote on that card that she had no lovers yet; that she couldn't have had one if she chose to, because she could, and a many a one, too! The ideal! I guess she could! But, you see, the right one hadn't come yet. There was one young man—but, oh, my! He was out of the question. He didn't even know she existed—she, a little silly chit of a goose of a girl that made cheeses, and he rich and handsome and—well, anyhow, silly as she was, she had sense enough to put him out of her mind, though I do believe to this day that she kept some of him in her heart.

"Well, weeks and weeks and weeks went by after the foolish girl's horrid card had gone away buried in the cheese, and the more she thought about it the more she grew ashamed of herself for having done it. Night after night she cried herself to sleep thinking over it—the silly thing! And she got to be so awful that she wished and wished and wished that the car the cheese went away in had run off the track and smashed that cheese, or that something else terrible had happened to it. My! but she was desperate!

One day, six weeks after the card had been smuggled away, it happened that the richest family in the town where this ridiculous girl lived found that they were out of old English dairy cheese. Of course, they had to send to New York at once and order some. The city merchant filled the order from a lot of cheeses he had just received from England.

Ships have carried precious cargoes across sea I know, but no ship ever bore such precious freight as the one that brought that cheese from England! That is—I mean—so that silly cheese factory girl thinks. Because, one day, a little while after the rich family received their old English dairy cheese from New York, she found a letter in the post office addressed to her. And oh, what do you think? It was from the son of that rich family—the nicest little letter! The writer said he had found that awful card—oh, no. He didn't say awful card! He said he had found the girl's card in an old English dairy cheese they had received from New York, and would she deign to let him call and see her? Would she deign!

"Now, you will hardly believe it, but the writer of this note was the young man this horrid girl had put out of her mind long before—she is only a cheese factory girl and he so rich and handsome!—and here that card she had blushed for and wept over all these months had gone all the way to England and come back home again, and he had got it! Wasn't that just too sweet and lovely? And she said he might come to her father's house and see her. And he did. And he fell in love with her, the silly thing! And in three months they were married. And oh, we have been so deliciously happy ever since! But there will be no use for you to ask me who that horrid girl was. I wouldn't tell you, not for worlds!"—N. Y. Sun.

SACRIFICES AND CROPS.

The Spring Appeals to Deities Presiding Over Agricultural Interests.

We learn from Festus that the Romans sacrificed red-haired puppies in spring, in the belief that the crops would thus grow ripe and ruddy; and there can be little doubt that these puppies, like the lamb sacrifice at Holne and King's Teignton, were a substitute for an original human victim. Prof. Ramsay, the great authority on Phrygian custom, believes that Attis was at first represented by a human victim, who "was probably slain each year by a cruel death, just as the god himself died," and Mr. Frazer has shown that Attis was essentially a god of vegetation, that one of his epithets was "very fruitful," that he was addressed as "the reaped yellow ear of corn," and that the story of his sufferings, death and resurrection was interpreted as the ripe grain wounded by the reaper, buried in the granary, and coming to life again when sown in the ground. Adonis, again, is one of these gods of vegetation, originally represented, no doubt, by a human victim.

The famous gardens of Adonis were baskets or pots filled with earth, in which wheat, barley, and flowers were sown at the time when the women were mourning over the dead Adonis. To this day, in Sicily, at the approach of Easter, the women sow wheat, lentils and canary seed in plates, which are kept in the dark and watered every two days. When the plants shoot up, "the plates containing them," says Mr. Frazer, "are placed on the sepulchres which, with effigies of the dead Christ, are made up in Roman Catholic and Greek churches on Good Friday, just as the Gardens of Adonis were placed on the grave of the dead Adonis." Mr. Frazer has also pointed out the marks of a similar element in the worship of Osiris. He was a deity of vegetation, the first to teach men the use of corn, and his annual festival began with plowing the earth.

In one of the chapels dedicated to Osiris, in the great temple of Isis, at Philae, the dead body of Osiris is represented with stalks of corn springing from it, and a priest is watering the stalks from a pitcher. Mr. Frazer suggests that the legend of the mangled remains of the god being scattered up and down the land "may be a reminiscence of the custom of slaying a human victim * * * * and distributing his flesh or scattering his ashes over the fields to fertilize them." Indeed, Manetho tells us that the Egyptians used to burn red-haired men and scatter their ashes with winnowing fans.—Fortnightly Review.

A LAND OF SAMPLES.

The Botanical Aspect of the Bermuda Islands.

The first impression of the islands to one expecting a semi-tropical appearance is disappointing on account of the cedar. This is the prevailing tree; indeed, all the islands are covered with this scraggy foliage. The trees for the most part are small, and suggest to us a northern latitude and a poor soil. It is true that they are southern cedars, which originally drifted over from Florida, and some people might try to call them cypress, and give them a botanical juniper flavor; but to us they are northern, and in such contrast to the cerulean waters and soft blue skies and genial atmosphere that we are not easily reconciled to them. Yet they are the only thing that seems to be native to the land. Every other tree and shrub has an exotic appearance—even the mangroves, which grow in the salt marshes, putting down their branches and dropping their long seeds, loaded at one end, into the slime, and creating an impenetrable thicket, and finally land. It is, indeed, called the continent-maker. Palms grow here of several sorts—sago, palmetto, cabbage, and date—but they are little more than specimens. The bananas of small and fairly good variety flourish, but not in quantities sufficient to supply the wants of the islands. The oranges and lemons have succumbed to the scale, and the few other semi-tropical fruits are of no consequence. The islands are at times brilliant with various flowers, but not in the vigor or profusion of southern California. Very fine indeed are the great fields of lilies in bloom (the export of the bulbs is one of the industries of the islands), and occasionally great fields of scarlet amaryllis excite the imagination like a compact regiment of redcoats. Brilliant also are the tall hedges of scarlet hibiscus, and everywhere the oleander grows wild in profusion. Much more might be made out of the islands in the way of gardens and small fruits if there were more good farmers and horticulturists and more enterprise; but Bermuda is a sort of child of the sea, and looks beyond the horizon for help. Upon many things there is a sort of blight, at least periodic, and it has even fallen upon the pungent onion and the potato, so that the anxiety of a short crop in these great staples is added to the worry about the American tariff.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

By FRANK BARRETT.

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up and down the Adelphi terrace with Mr. Kavanagh."

Gordon started, and fixing his eyes on Rudersdorf seemed to recall his face to mind.

"And all this?" expostulated the old gentleman, raising the pile of identifying papers. "For example," he added, picking up a photograph that slipped out, "you would not have us believe that this is not your portrait!"

Gordon took up the photograph and regarded it in bewilderment. It was undoubtedly his own portrait, but mounted on a card, with the printed name and address of a photographer in Moscow. The only explanation was that the photograph had been removed from the English mount and pasted on the Russian one. But for what purpose was still an unfathomed mystery to him.

"You perhaps deny your own handwriting!" said the old gentleman, handing a letter.

"This is not my hand. I cannot even read the character in which it is written."

"Here is one written by you in the ordinary European hand."

"That is not my writing. I can prove it. Give me a sheet of paper."

Writing material was given to him, and he wrote a couple of lines quickly.

Rudersdorf and the old gentleman examined it and exchanged a few observations.

"The prince has altered his hand evidently," said the old gentleman in a complimentary tone; "but, as the count points out, that is a slight achievement for one whose skill of hand is known all over the world."

Gordon dashed down the pen in a rage and thrust his hands in his pockets.

A luminous idea seemed to have occurred to Rudersdorf, and a rapid dialogue ensued between him and his secretary, at the end of which the old gentleman, turning to Gordon, said:

"Admirably as you have played this little scene, you cannot expect us to take that exhibition as a convincing proof that you are not Prince Borgensky. We are used to this sort of thing and not easily to be deceived. At the same time, to remove even the faintest trace of doubt, we shall be happy to facilitate to the utmost in our power every means of immediately proving your identity. If there is any reliable person with whom you wish to communicate"——

"You shan't have a line of writing from me," said Gordon; "not a scrap that can be twisted into a snare to serve your purpose."

"In that case, relying on the evidence before us and the perfect honesty of our confrere, Barry Kavanagh, we have only to complete formalities and remove you to Russia, where you will be dealt with in accordance with the pleasure of the czar."

"As you please."

At a sign from the secretary, Rudersdorf again took up the paper, which he this time read through without interruption. Coming to the end, he nodded to the guard at the door, who at once stepped forward and laid hands upon Gordon. He made no resistance, and without a word passed out of the cabin, apparently too absorbed in thought to take heed of immediate circumstances.

I made a movement to follow him, but Rudersdorf, who had risen and now stood by the door, interposed.

"We have not done with you yet," he said sternly. "Sit down there."

I seated myself in the chair he pushed toward me.

For a few minutes he and the old gentleman conversed in a jargon that I could not understand. Then with the same brusque manner he addressed me again.

"You don't feign ignorance, I suppose?" he continued rudely. "You understand Russian?"

"Not such Russian as you two have been speaking together," I replied, speaking, as I habitually did, in French.

"Oh, if you understand French, we can get on," said he in that language. "Now, then, your name is Aura Soltikoff!"

"I never heard the name."

"Ah! and you were not born at Kiel?" he said, glancing at a paper.

"No."

"And of course you haven't got any papers?"

"No."

"The same old game," he muttered, with a shrug, glancing at the old gentleman.

"And also, of course, you have not been living for nearly a year under the same roof with Prince Borgensky?"

"Yes, I have," I replied, with pride.

"Oh, come! It's something to get that admission out of you. Well, having lived with him so long, you may happen to have heard something about Siberia?"

"Who's going to Siberia?" I asked in as bold a tone as I could assume, my heart quaking at the hint.

"Who is going?" he echoed slowly. "You are if you're not prudent."

He gave time for this threat to sink into my mind by speaking to his secretary.

"Now then," he went on, "as you value your life answer me this truly. Who is the man who has just left this cabin?"

I made no reply. The old gentleman, with a most urbane smile, intervened.

"Mademoiselle herself by her own word and act has raised a doubt—a very trifling doubt—whether we have captured the real Prince Borgensky or not. Of course if he is not the prince we dare not take either him or mademoiselle from the country. Both will be sent on shore at once if that is proved. Mademoiselle will see that it can do her no harm, but be to her great advantage to answer the question."

"No, no," said I. "I won't say a word. I'll do nothing to help you."

Rudersdorf started up and said with savage impatience:

"The consequence of refusal you know. Deportation to Siberia with flogging—and—and all the rest. You expose yourself even to torture. You may share the fate of Vera Ofromoff and a dozen others."

The secretary went to the door and called reluctantly, I thought.

"We are under Kavanagh's orders," continued Rudersdorf in a tone of self justification. "Those orders are explicit, and we must obey. We have taken proper precautions, and if we are cheated the fault will lie with the minister for trusting Kavanagh."

The same men who had taken Gordon away came to the door.

"You have secured the prisoner?" asked Rudersdorf.

One of the men laid a key on the table as he responded in the affirmative.

"Take this lady down to Sophia Otchkin. They will share the same cabin. Lock them in and bring me the key. Keep the door gratings open and watch the prisoners closely. Report any movement of a suspicious kind to me immediately."

CHAPTER XXXI.

EN ROUTE FOR ST. PETERSBURG.

The men seized me savagely and hustled me down below. There I was thrust into a small cabin, and with a few brutal words the men shut the door and turned the key upon me. One of them opened a small grating in the door and gave some order in a tone of warning to Sophia Otchkin, who stood with her arms akimbo regarding me. She replied with a short laugh, and then there was silence.

A rough deal table stood under the swing lamp that lit the cabin, and beside it a chair. I sat down, and laying my arms on the table dropped my face in my hands, quite overcome with physical and mental exhaustion.

I had matter enough for reflection and speculation. Kavanagh had deceived me. He had not intended that we should come to the Mariner's Joy. That was of little importance. The more serious point was that, from the first, he must have determined that I should be taken away with Gordon.

I made a movement to follow him, but Rudersdorf interposed.

But why? I could not answer that question.

Toward morning the stillness of the night, emphasized by the heavy breathing of Sophia Otchkin asleep in her bunk, was broken by the busy sound of preparation for departure. Heavy feet tramped about upon the deck above, a rope splashed in the water alongside, orders were shouted, there was a hoarse hissing of steam, and the violent rattling of an engine accompanied the deeper rumble of a chain. The hollow roar of a steam whistle followed, and then the vessel began to vibrate to the shrill hiss of steam and monotonous thud of machinery in the engine room.

"We're off; heaven be praised!" murmured Sophia Otchkin, turning over in her sleep.

I did not close my eyes till after the murky daylight had become visible through the round porthole, but while my companion was dressing I fell asleep and did not awake until she shook my shoulder.

"It is nearly midday," said she. "Your dinner will be brought down soon. It is time to rise."

I stepped out of the cot and stood looking about me stupidly. My head ached terribly. It was with difficulty that I realized my situation.

"Are we there?" I asked stupidly, observing that there was no sound of engine or movement.

She laughed and told me we were still in the river, having been compelled to drop anchor again because of the fog.

I tried to move; but, overcome by a deadly feeling of nausea and giddiness, I fell to the ground. That was the beginning of an illness which lasted nearly a week. For half that time I was unconscious, and I think this was nature's means of obtaining rest for my overtaxed faculties.

The first day that I was strong enough to rise and dress myself, the old gentleman, who had visited me frequently and shown greater kindness and consideration than I might have expected from him, came in to see me just after I had finished a basin of broth.

"Come," said he, after congratulating me on my recovery, "we are beginning the week well. After groping our way up this execrable river at a snail's pace, here we are at last in the open sea, with a bright sun and a clear sky overhead. I thought mademoiselle was going to give us the slip after all; but now," he added, rubbing his hands as if the prospect were the cheerfulest in the world—"now we can count upon reaching St. Petersburg without any further hitch, all safe and sound."

Seeing that this promise failed to exhilarate me, he asked me if I would like to go upon deck for a little while. I accepted the offer eagerly.

The old gentleman placed a seat for me in a sheltered corner and made me comfortable with rugs, trying his utmost to charm away the deep dejection which my wretched face betrayed. Rudersdorf came up and spoke courteously to me, but I could not bear them—their presence irritated me. I wanted to be alone that I might loosen my grief and cry and cry without restraint.

A white bird skimmed over the calm blue water.

"Taras would tell me its name," I said to myself, and this simple reflection—the mere want of a single word from him—so overcame me that I was fain to cover my bowed face with my hands to conceal my lack of courage.

Rudersdorf and the old gentleman withdrew in silence. Then, ashamed of myself, I dried my eyes, resolving that they should not see such an exhibition again.

Presently I heard a quick step approaching, and looking up with choking eagerness I saw Gordon coming toward me with anxiety in his kind face. I dropped my head with leaden disappointment, for in that one moment I had conceived it possible that Taras had come to satisfy my yearning.

"My dear mademoiselle," he said with tender solicitude as he held my hand, "I hear you have been awfully ill. I can see it."

"That's all over—I'm all right now," I replied.

"Begad, a week down below in an atmosphere of pea soup! It's enough to knock any one out. But this will soon bring you around, eh? By Jove!" he added, throwing up his head and drawing a deep breath of the pure air, "this is like rising from the dead."

He seated himself on a coil of rope by my side and with cheerful encouragement in his voice continued:

"Don't you take it to heart, mademoiselle. It'll all come right, you'll see. If they only let us come up on deck now and then—and there's no reason to keep us down below, now we're out of the river and may scream ourselves hoarse without getting an echo for reply—this police outrage will simply give us a jolly, nice little holiday at the expense of the Russian government. I've thought it all out while I've been stewing down below, and it's just the certainty of turning the tables on these muddle headed, meddling officials that has kept me from knocking down my jailers—or trying to at any rate—and making a dash for freedom."

"I've thought the whole thing out, and I see exactly what will happen. When we get to St. Petersburg, we shall be received like princes—not Russian princes, you know. The minister will wait upon us with a thousand and one apologies, for of course he has learned already by telegraph of the blunder these fellows have made. Naturally he will try to exonerate himself, but he'll take pains to conciliate us to the utmost of his ability—no fear of that. And he will afford us every means to get out of Russia as soon as possible—that's equally certain. And home we will go by the way of Berlin and Paris, with a day or two's rest here and there to make the journey pleasant. Then one fine morning we will wake up old Taras by marching into Lambeth to the tune of 'See the Conquering Hero—and Heroine—Come.' Eh?"

"No," said I, shaking my head; "that will never be."

CHAPTER XXXII.

I CONFESS TO GORDON.

"My dear girl," remonstrated Gordon, "is any one lying ill in a stuffy cabin, with nothing to breathe but yellow fog, in a position to see things in anything but a gloomy light? Are you yet in a condition to form an impartial judgment on the affair? Now, if you had been pondering the matter with a clear head, as I have been doing for the past week"——

"But you don't know all the facts," I said, interrupting him.

Pulling his beard, he reluctantly admitted that this was true. "And," he added, "it's true that I've had to draw a good deal on my imagination to square things comfortably. However, we are not going to discuss the matter today. It can easily stand over till you are stronger, and then if it's necessary we'll have all the facts and make the best we may of 'em."

I assented to this proposal with a sigh, knowing that the truth must be told, but I was grateful for the delay, feeling so feeble and downhearted.

We staid upon deck until the sun sank in the golden sea, but the kind hearted fellow said not another word on the subject that obviously caused me such depressing anxiety. He knew a great deal about ships and the sea and told me many stories of his adventures in a yacht with so much humor that more than once I was forced to smile.

We were closely watched by Rudersdorf and the old gentleman, who, seeing by the openness of our manner that we were not hatching plots, marked their satisfaction by promising that we should come on deck the following day if the weather held fair.

The wind freshened in the night, but the sea was not rough enough to prevent my going on deck after breakfast, though I found it difficult to keep my feet under this novel condition of things.

Gordon was waiting for me at the head of the stairs in a fur jacket he had bought from one of the sailors. He had a pipe in his mouth, and his face was radiant with boyish delight.

"I'm glad to see you have not been ill," said he, taking my arm to steady me.

"Oh, that's all past."

"Seasick, I mean."

"I don't know how any one can be sick on the sea," I replied, looking out over the dancing waters. They seemed to me as grand in their strength as they had been beautiful in their calm repose, and the fresh air gave me new life.

He glanced at me in perplexity as he steered me across to the corner he had already prepared. We seated ourselves, and Rudersdorf sent us a couple of rugs and a tarpaulin, with which we made ourselves very snug and comfortable.

"I'm a bit puzzled, mademoiselle," said Gordon, when Rudersdorf and his secretary had left us. "From one or two remarks you made yesterday, and what you said just now, one would think you had never been on the sea before."

"I saw it for the first time yesterday."

"Then how in the world did you get across from Russia?" he said in amazement.

"I have never been in Russia. I fancy I was born in Shadwell. Anyway I lived there as long as I can remember and never left it till last year."

"But—you speak French like a native."

His pipe went out as he listened.

"That's because I speak nothing else at home, because I could not speak English like you or anyone else who has been educated, because Taras wished me to begin a new life, and break away from all that had gone before"——

"Look here, mademoiselle," Gordon said, stopping me with apprehension in his tone, "if this sort of thing will upset you, you know"——

"No, no. I'm strong now. I must tell you what I had not the courage to tell you yesterday. I ought to have told you the first thing, because I've no right to profit by your kindness until I know whether you can forgive me or not."

"Oh, I say, don't you know"—Gordon expostulated uneasily.

Disregarding his remonstrance, I told my story as simply as I could, relating all that had taken place between Kavanagh and myself truthfully and with a desire to say nothing which might bias his judgments.

His pipe went out as he listened, astonishment holding him spellbound. We looked each other straight in the eyes until I had spoken the last word. Then I dropped my head and waited in trembling uncertainty for his verdict.

He did not leave me long in doubt as to his present feeling.

"You are a brick," he said; "a regular brick!" and taking my hand he pressed it warmly.

"I—I didn't expect you to think so," said I.

"Why, you don't think I could have any grudge against you for making me useful, do you? You have led me to do no more than I should willingly have done to save old Taras if I had been asked, and if it were otherwise that would not alter my esteem for you—not a bit. It's this devotion that I admire you for. A real, genuine, womanly woman, don't you know, should stick at nothing, but go long through thick and thin for a man. Judith, I believe, would do as much for me if it came to the pinch. If not (and I know it)—well, she would be my Judith, that's all. Don't give way, little woman," he continued, seeing my lips twitch perhaps, for his generous enthusiasm touched me greatly. "You have done all that you could do, and it's bound to turn out right. I have unbounded confidence in Kavanagh."

"Have you?" I asked hopefully.

"I should think so! Why, he's one of the subtlest, shrewdest, cleverest men in London. He's not a fool, I can tell you."

"No; I didn't think he might be that exactly, but"——

"I see. You thought it possible that he might be something worse. Well, that's excusable, for when a man owns up to doing other people you can never feel quite sure that he isn't doing you. You see, we can't all tell the truth and hit straight out from the shoulder. Why, take this case, for example. Without lying, how could Kavanangh have circumvented the smartest police in the world—how could he have got over the minister of police and those crafty rascals and upset their villainous game?"

"Is it certain that he is deceiving them and not us?" I asked.

"Wait a bit. This wants a deuced lot of cool judgment. Let me have a pipe."

He lit his pipe and puffed out great streams of smoke before he spoke again. When he had taken three or four pulls, he said:

"But is there any fact—has anything occurred—which directly supports your suspicions? That's what I should like to get at."

"Kavanagh led me to believe that, when you were arrested, I should be free to return to Taras. Can you tell me why I was brought on board with you?"

"You would come, you know."

"But there is evidence enough that had I not come of my own accord I should have been brought here by force. From the very outset it was known on board here that I was to be taken away with you."

"Hang me if I can explain that arrangement. Can you?"

"Yes; it was necessary to get rid of me."

"Why?"

"That I might not tell tales."

"But if the whole story is to come out?"

"It is not to come out," I said, with the emphasis of conviction. "He never intended that it should. If this affair were made public, inquiry would lead to the discovery of his share in it, a discovery that would be fatal to him."

"But the truth must come out at some time," he remonstrated, still with his face turned from me.

"Why, whom can we tell in Russia? Who will hear our voices when we are in Siberia?"

"But the police must learn in time, by his works, that Taras is still free."

"Is it likely that they will send you back to England to prove their fault?"

He knocked out his pipe slowly on the deck before he made any reply. Then, drawing a long breath, he said:

"Well, we shall see if you are right, mademoiselle, when we get to Russia."

"Too late," said I, with deep contrition in my heart. "I ought to have found that out before."

"Oh, my dear girl!" he cried, turning again quickly to me with the genial warmth that characterized him, "whatever turns up, you must always be held blameless. You're not the only one deceived. Here am I to justify you, led like a lamb by the man I professed to know, so no more self reproaches." Then, giving my hand a hearty shake, he added, "Are we not companions in adversity?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE SET OUT.

We were allowed to see each other no more until we reached St. Petersburg, and then only at a distance, as we were hurried from the train which brought us from the port into the separate carriages in which we were rattled off to prison.

In that moment Gordon waved his hand to me and smiled encouragingly, but I knew that the poor fellow, despite his sanguine temperament, could find but little ground to base hope upon.

About an hour after my arrival I was taken down to an office, where the minister of police sat at the head of a writing table. The only other persons present were Rudersdorf and the old gentleman. Their manner was obsequiously deferential toward their chief, sharp and severe toward me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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To The Public.

This is to notify the public that we the undersigned are going out of business after the first Tuesday in July 1894, and that all bills will be collected by Charley Asmundson by mutual agreement.

Signed, O. Dahlstrom,
Chas. Asmundson.

Half Rates to the Seashore.

On account of the Annual Meeting of the National Educational Association, which will be held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 10th to 13th, the North-Western Line will, on July 7th and 8th, sell excursion tickets at practically one fare for the round trip, thus offering an exceptionally favorable opportunity to teachers and the public in general for a visit to one of the most delightful resorts on the Atlantic coast. For tickets and detailed information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Half Rates To Cleveland.

On account of the Convention of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Cleveland, Ohio, and return at the exceedingly low rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 9th and 10th, good for return passage until July 31st. For detailed information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Ripans Tabules move the bowels.
Ripans Tabules have come to stay.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

Milton Stolleer, Plaintiff, vs. Adella Stolleer, Defendant. } Summons.

The State of Wisconsin:—To the said Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Oneida County, Wisconsin.

Alban & Barnes,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
P. O. Address Rhinelander, Oneida Co., Wis.
6w M-31 Jul-12.

An Ordinance Providing for the Destruction of Unlicensed Dogs.

The common Council of the City of Rhinelander do ordain as follows:

Sec. 1. The mayor of the city of Rhinelander shall appoint a dog catcher in and for said city, whose duty it shall be to catch all dogs running at large in the city and not having fastened to them the tags showing that the tax required by law has been paid upon them and to keep such dogs until disposed of as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 2. The dog catcher shall keep each dog so caught by him in some convenient place at his place of residence for three days, and if no person appears within said three days to pay the tax on such dog and pay the fees and expenses of catching and keeping such dog, he shall at the end of such three days destroy and bury such dog, and shall receive a fee of fifty cents from the city therefor.

Sec. 3. Any person may redeem a dog so caught and kept by the dog catcher by procuring the proper tax tag from the city clerk and attaching it to such dog and paying to the dog catcher the sum of one dollar for his fee for catching and keeping such dog.

Sec. 4. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Presented and its passage moved by
N. [illegible], Alderman.
I hereby approve the within ordinance.
W. E. Brown, Mayor.
Dated this 28th day of June, 1894.

IN PROBATE, ONEIDA COUNTY COURT.

Notice is hereby given that at a regular term of the county court to be held in and for said county at the City of Rhinelander, in said county on the 3rd day of July, 1894, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following matter will be heard and considered:

The petition of Carrie L. Adams of the City of Rhinelander in said county, for the appointment of the said Carrie L. Adams, as administratrix of the estate of Joseph J. Adams, deceased.

Dated May 16, 1894.
Jas. W. McCormick, County Judge.
Lane J. Pillings, Att'y for petitioner. 4t-je7-28.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ONEIDA COUNTY COURT.

Notice is hereby given that at a regular term of the County Court to be held in and for said county at the office of the County Judge in the City of Rhinelander, in said Co., on the first Tuesday, being the 3rd day of July, 1894, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following matter will be heard and considered:

The petition of Carrie L. Adams of the City of Rhinelander in said county, for the appointment of Carrie L. Adams as guardian of the person and estate of Anna M. Adams, of the City of Rhinelander in said county, the minor child of Joseph J. Adams deceased.

Dated 16th day of May, 1894.
Jas. W. McCormick, County Judge.
Lane J. Pillings, Att'y for Petitioner. 4t-m17-j7

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY COURT FOR ONEIDA COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of John M. Olson, Deceased. } In Probate.

Notice is hereby given that the claims and demands of all persons against John M. Olson deceased, late of the City of Rhinelander in said Oneida Co., will be received and adjusted by the County Court of Oneida County, at the regular term of said Court, to be held at the probate office in the City of Rhinelander in and for said county, on the 1st Tuesday in December A. D. 1894. Also, that six months from and after the 10th day of May A. D. 1894, is the time limited for creditors of said John M. Olson deceased to present their claims to said Court for examination and allowance.

Dated May 21 1894.
By order of the Court.
Jas. W. McCormick, County Judge.

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